

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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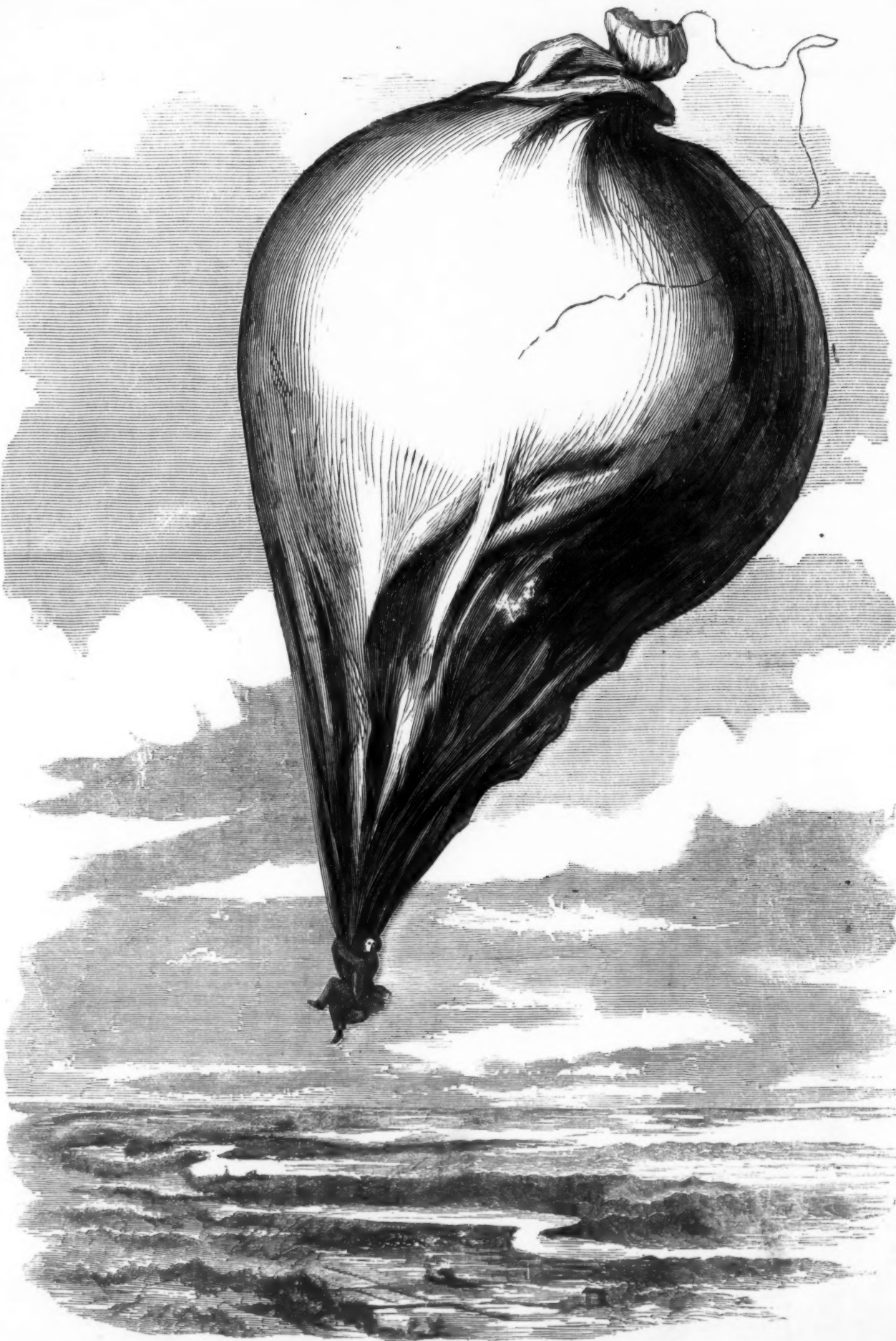
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TERRIBLE FATE OF THE AERONAUT, THURSTON.

Few occurrences of late years have excited an interest so general or have awakened so pervading a feeling of horror as the awful and mysterious fate that has overtaken the daring navigator of the clouds, whose name is now repeated, in accents of commiseration, from one end to the other of the Union. Mr. Ira Thurston, a well-known and experienced balloonist, effected a successful ascension from Adrian, Michigan, on Thursday, the 16th August, at a quarter to nine A.M. He was accompanied by a friend, Mr. Bannister, and ascended to a height of some two miles and a half. The balloon, which was capable of containing thirty-five thousand cubic feet of gas, contained, on this occasion, only about seventeen thousand feet, and was ballasted with some one hundred and sixty pounds of sand. The aeronauts remained aloft some three quarters of an hour, and descended at half-past nine, in the open country, in the township of Riga, Lenawee county, a distance of about seventeen miles from the place of their ascent. As the balloon descended a considerable number of persons gathered about it from the neighborhood, and witnessed with curiosity the operation of discharging the gas. The two occupants of the car remained seated in it for about half an hour, while the gas escaped, until Mr. Thurston proposed that they should get out, take off the car and netting and turn the balloon over, thus throwing its mouth upwards in order to allow of more rapid escape for the gas. The car was accordingly removed, and the netting loosened from the valve disk in order to allow it to come off. According to the *Detroit Free Press*,

Mr. Thurston then crawled aside of the netting, and proceeded to the top of the balloon, which had been hauled



TERRIBLE SITUATION OF MR. THURSTON, THE AERONAUT.—FROM A DRAWING BY W. E. WHEELER, OF ADRIAN, MICH.

down to a horizontal position, when he took the valve disk, which is of wood, of a circular form and about thirteen inches in diameter, and compressing the balloon, thrust the disk between his legs and grasped the balloon in his arms, saying to the bystanders, "You may see another ascension now." He then told Mr. Bannister to cut the cords that held the mouth of the balloon down. Bannister remonstrated, saying there was too much gas in it. But Mr. Thurston insisted, and the cords were cut, at which the balloon bounded upwards as has been described. Mr. J. Westerman, who lives in that vicinity, also had hold of it at the time, and was lifted up about ten feet, when he let go, and fell to the ground. Mr. Westerman says that the mouth of the balloon was open, and he saw Mr. Thurston open it to the extent of eighteen inches. He noticed the cord by which the valve was operated passing through the opening, the end hanging outside. Mr. W. thinks that when the mouth of the balloon turned up and it arose in the air, this cord got entangled around the opening, and as the balloon stretched out with Mr. Thurston's weight, the cord being fast to the valve on the inside, was drawn down so as to entirely close the mouth, now at the top.

The fact, which was observed by Mr. Westerman's wife and daughter as well as others, that the mouth, with a portion of the collapsed balloon, like a neck, was lying on the distended portion, as the top of a great bag partially filled when tied would fall over upon the side, confirms these suspicions. This, in our mind, is a satisfactory explanation of the calamity.

The balloon ascended in a reversed position, with Mr. Thurston clinging to the part that, under ordinary circumstances, should have been the top. The spectators, in affright at the extraordinary foolhardiness of the aeronaut, stood gazing after the balloon long after it had shot, with unusual velocity, out of sight. Mr. Bannister calculated that its rate of ascent was at least one mile per minute, and in three minutes it was out of sight. The balloon contained at the time some thirteen thousand cubic feet of gas.

The next thing known of the terrible ascent came in the shape of a report that the balloon had descended near Baptiste Creek, on the Canadian shore, and parties

crossing over from Detroit found it in possession of Mr. Marks, an English farmer, who had rescued it from a number of ignorant French settlers, just as they were on the point of cutting it up into dress patterns for their wives. As the silk of the balloon measures nearly a thousand yards, there was certainly enough for all claimants; but Mr. Marks sturdily secured it and sent it to Detroit.

No trace of Thurston has been discovered, although the country has been thoroughly searched for him or his remains, and it must remain a mystery, in all probability, in what manner he descended or fell. Several parties declared that they had seen him clinging to the balloon at a distance of no more than two hundred feet from the ground, and it has been surmised that he may have leapt or fallen from it somewhere near the mouth of Baptiste Creek; and the fact that the valve on which he sat appears to have been half torn off by his weight, lends color to the belief that he must have fallen off when his hands grew cramped with continuous holding on. The balloon was up only four hours, and although torn by trees in its descent, was not materially injured. An active search was kept up for days after the discovery of the balloon, but without success.

SUNBEAM AND ROSE.

By George Perry.

A SUNBEAM, flying from the eve,
Paused by a rose, its beauty seeing,
And sighed, How sweet therein to live
Did other beams not fill its being!

In grief he spread his wings of light
And onward passed, to wander ever;
But sweet throughout his endless flight
The rose's fragrance breathes for ever.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

A Seducer Shot.—The trial of Henry W. Bowyer, for shooting James McDowell, son, which has been in progress at Fincastle, Va., was terminated on Thursday last, the eighth day of the examination, by the acquittal of the prisoner. The prosecution to the shooting was the alleged seduction by McDowell, who was a man advanced in years, of Bowyer's insane daughter. Both the parties were wealthy and prominent men, McDowell being President of the Fincastle Bank, and the case excited the most intense interest. The proof that McDowell had debauched Miss Bowyer, induced her to leave home, furnished her with money, and directed her to houses of ill fame in Richmond and this city, was of the most positive character, and contradicted only by McDowell's dying assertions, which were read to the court on the closing day of the examination.

Both sides here said they had no more testimony to offer, and the counsel retired to consult. After a brief absence they returned, and Mr. Michie announced that they had mutually agreed to submit the question without argument. The magistrates now consulted together, and the strictest silence prevailed. It was with many a moment of deep suspense. The accused gazed intently upon the court, his handkerchief placed against his mouth, and his face slightly flushed. Soon the presiding Justice made the announcement, "The Court acquits the prisoner!" An outburst of applause followed, which the officers promptly checked. Mr. Bowyer was surrounded by his friends, who rendered him their sincere congratulations, and then accompanied him forth, a free man. Four of the justices on the bench voted in favor of an acquittal, and two were for sending the case on for trial.

A Hoax.—A liquor dealer in Cincinnati recently received an order from a Roman Catholic institution to send "ten gallons of the best old Bourbon whiskey, and charge the same to the Church of the Mother of God."

An Example to New York.—The citizens of Milwaukee are the most law-abiding people in the world. One of them, when asked why so many people were drowned in their river, replied it was on account of an ordinance of the city, which forbids swimming within the city limits. When one of them slipped in, he recalled the ordinance at once, and rather than violate it, went cheerfully to the bottom without a struggle.

Extraordinary Murder by a Physician near Lockport.—A man by the name of Philip Hawkins, an old Pennsylvanian soldier under Wellington, was murdered in Wilson, Niagara county, on Tuesday, under extraordinary and peculiar circumstances. The Lockport Courier of Thursday morning says that Hawkins had been complaining for several days, when Dr. John Cresswell was called to visit him. The doctor had his patient removed to the American Hotel, kept by O. R. Mason, agreeing to pay five dollars per week if he lived; and if he did not he was to pay ten dollars.

At about 7 o'clock P. M. the doctor came in and gave the patient a dose of something, which made him worse; and in fifteen minutes after the doctor administered the second dose, which produced the most violent spasms and awful agonies, which continued to increase in violence for an hour and thirty minutes, when the patient died. His screams during the short period he suffered were terrible. Suspicion having been aroused, a portion of the same medicine, which had been left in the tumbler, was secured, and ten drops were administered to a kitten, which died in eleven minutes.

Croner Bedford was called to hold an inquest on the body, Tuesday noon, which lasted until Wednesday night. The verdict of the jury was that the deceased came to his death by poison, administered by Dr. John Cresswell. A warrant was immediately placed in the hands of Constable Grisenthwaite, who arrested the accused on Wednesday night, at the Stevenson House, Lockport, and placed him in the lock-up till Thursday morning, when he was taken to Wilson for examination.

St. Paul Warriors.—Minnesota is in a state of war—civil war. If the Governor of the State is of a kindly nature, he will proclaim martial law, and send an army of occupation to keep the peace. The trouble is, that the Weekly Minnesota and the Pioneer won't agree. Their editors are the disturbers. The Weekly Minnesota commenced the war in the following thunder:

"There are several editors to the Pioneer, representing various schools of intellectual and physical peculiarities. First, there is the poodle-dog editor, who fetches and carries for Silbey, does up the smut which he suggests, and sneaks around Legislative chambers and Government offices, seeking something to steal in the way of a fat printing job. Then there is the rotary editor, who, in the intervals of debauch, fills up the gaps between the bars of the poodle aforesaid, by his own dirty mudlin. Next is the 'specialty,' who transcends transcendentalism—a young man, who ekes out his physique with 'words of learned length and thundering sound,' and who tries, by covering with a thin intellectual stucco homely bricks and mortar, to pass his brain-temple off upon the crowd as all of genuine Arabian marble. He affects out of the way epithets—words that the commonality know not the meaning of; he revels in the 'super-sensuous,' and in a recent article from his pen, for instance, gravely told us that 'the radical error of our nation is the search after the super-sensuous, the ideal of which, according to Proudhon, is identical with the unreal.'"

Pants.—The Cincinnati papers have a very remarkable story about a pair of pants. A bachelor sent his pants to be washed. The laundress next morning was standing at the tub when in rushed the bachelor, pale, breathless, and his eyes blazing with frantic excitement. Surveying her in an instant, he screamed, "Have you—HAVE you—washed my breeches? HAVE you washed my breeches? You've ruined me, ruined me; have you washed my—?" but suddenly catching a glimpse of the garment still clutched by the suspended hand of the terrified laundress, he leaped forward with nervous energy, and snatching them from her, he ran his own hand hastily along the waistband until he met with something that seemed to satisfy his desires, and stopping down in a chair, he fairly went into hysterics.

By this time the poor woman found voice, and asked him, "Why, Mr. —, what is the matter?"

"Oh, woman! woman!" he sobbed, "what an escape! There are ten thousand dollars in those breeches! What's your scissors? Get them, quick! Had you washed those breeches, I should have been ruined. What an escape!"

The laundress got the scissors; the seam of the waistband was ripped open in an instant, and before her astonished gaze were layers of bank bills—of what value she knew not, save that she repeated, "Ten thousand dollars! ten thousand dollars! What an escape! what an escape!"

Paraguay Experiment.—A full list of the vessels determined upon by the Navy Department to compose the Paraguay expedition is annexed: Frigate Sabine, flag ship; brig Dolphin, Bainbridge, Perry and Preble; steamers Harriet Lane, Fulton and Water Witch, supply. The storeships taken up by Government are the Westernport, Caledonia, Memphis and Atlanta, to be prepared at New York; and the Southern Star, to be prepared at Norfolk. Com. Shubrick will command. The officers are not yet all detailed. Several of the vessels will sail within a week.

News of Ourselves from Germany.—We do not wonder at Europeans having men and erroneous opinions of Americans. Such insane drivel as Belle Britian's hermaphrodite trash, which, as the Atlantic Magazine truly says, is the mere common-place of a dead-head, is enough to shake faith in our common sense. A German, who has lately published a volume in Germany about us, gives the following absurd account of the temperance mania in Maine. Our Maine friends will have a hearty guffaw over it:

"The temperance mania is most at home in the Northern States, for the clergy have thoroughly frightened the farmers into it. They mean to honestly enough. If you visit one of them you find nothing but water on the table-water for breakfast, dinner and supper. After staying a few days and becoming known to the family, the son will take you on one side. He'll lead you into the stable and will draw a large bottle from behind a bundle of hay, and express his opinion that a good dram would do you hurt such a cold morning; but he must not see anything to father and mother. After dinner the house-

mother will take you by the arm and lead you into her sanctuary, and behind a broad clothes-press she will open a secret door and produce a nice-looking bottle of the real sort, from which she will give you some 'stomach drops.' She thinks, though, that father and son need know nothing of these drops. Last of all, after supper your host will conduct you into his study, where there is an enormous medicine chest. From one of the phreic bottles he will pour you out a glass, which you think the best of all three; but you do not drink it as brandy, but as a medicine. He, too, calculates that the medicine is not suited for the rest of the family, and warns you to keep the secret to yourself."

The Great Fair at St. Louis.—"Ten thousand ladies scurrying in the mud!" Such is the appalling heading of an article in the St. Louis Democrat, and which we condense, although without any hope it will have any effect upon those beautiful rubbers after pleasure.

On Thursday above thirty thousand persons were gathered together at the great fair, which is held a few miles from the city. The morning had been fine, and the thousands of the fairest of St. Louis were present with their husbands and beaux. Great was the expanse of ermine and hoop. All of a sudden the skies were deformed with the blackest clouds, and a perfect deluge came down. Many were those who wanted carriages and omnibuses—few the conveyances! In half an hour an ocean of mud lay around. Let us borrow the words of the Democrat:

"The most decided movement was noticed at the steps leading from the promenade of the amphitheatre, which was all mud. The descent was made, and there was no other way for the ladies but to elevate such of their drapery as they desired to preserve from pollution, and make the rush. Down they came, singly and in troops. Hundreds of men and shameless boys stationed themselves at the foot of the steps, to increase the perplexities and mortifications of the ladies. The rain was coming. No time was to be lost. Silk dresses were precious and must be saved, so they were caught up and drawn around the waists. Handsome petticoats were preserved in like manner. Hoops and ermine were very inconvenient. Skeleton skirts were totally unmanageable, and in hundreds of cases were left to hang and grin around the forms of their possessors, to the horror of modest men all over the ground. Slippers were entirely engulfed, as the wearers plunged from the steps and sought the dry land."

Let us draw a veil over their distress. John Savage, of the Washington States, says that never was he aware there were so many lovely ankles in all the Union before. He is peculiarly emphatic on Miss Avonia Jones.

Another Libel.—The Waukesha Democrat has the following respecting Eilbourn's libel suit against the Madison Journal:

"Byron Kilbourn has brought a suit for libel against the Madison Journal for publishing the 'K' postscript. If the object of the suit is to ferret out the author of the celebrated P.S., it is all right enough, but if Kilbourn hopes to get a judgment for damages from any court this side of H—, he is greatly 'sucked.'"

The Democrat is a Democratic paper, as its name indicates, but seems to have some appreciation of the great "prophet."

Quite an Alderman.—The Philadelphia Evening Journal says, "Among the cases brought before Mayor Weaver on Sunday morning for disposition was a young woman named Mary Jane Bowers, charged with disorderly conduct. The watchman stated that, hearing an unusual racket in the house of a certain Alderman at a rather late hour on Saturday night, they knocked at the door and inquired the cause. A negro communicated the fact that the prisoner, who was under the influence of liquor, had been acting very disorderly, avowing her determination to visit the Alderman's chamber, and the noise heard was caused by the scuffle ensuing between the two on the girl attempting to carry out her purpose. On this story the watch took the alleged offender into custody and lodged her in the Tombs, where she remained all night."

"At this point of the examination it was intimated to his Honor by a spectator that a quite different face could be put upon the matter by the girl herself. She was then suffered to make a statement, the substance of which we subjoin."

"A year or two ago she was employed in the house of the Alderman as a servant. At that time she had, by industry and frugality, saved up the amount of two hundred dollars. Through some persuasions her employer wheeled her out of this, and at a later period seduced her. Shortly afterwards he drew up the form of an affidavit. She frankly admitted to his honor that she could neither read nor write, and this the Alderman was aware of. By being misinformed of the contents of the paper she was induced to qualify herself to its truth. What was her astonishment when, a few weeks after, she learned the scandalous fraud that had been practised upon her. The affidavit fixed the paternity of her illegitimate offspring on an innocent party, and relinquished all claim to the two hundred dollars she had loaned."

"Having got thus far with her painful wrongs, the girl burst into a flood of tears, and was unable to proceed. The Mayor, without pressing at that time further investigation, discharged her. She thanked him for his kindness, and left the office."

"Captain Reed, of the night police, informed Mayor Weaver that after Miss Bowers was incarcerated in the Tombs the Alderman in question dropped into the office, and requested him to have his Honor fine her so heavy that she would be compelled to go to prison, as it was his intention to prefer an information against her for surety of the peace! One fact in the statement of the girl we have inadvertently omitted, namely, that she was supplied with ale at the Alderman's house, and this it was that intoxicated her."

We wish to know why the Alderman's name is not given, that he may receive the reward of his villainy? In England the name of a wealthy rascal is never suppressed, and why should it be here, the land of democratic freedom? For the same reason that Fote Dawson only got two months' imprisonment, while his wretched victims had six months at Blackwell's Island. Branch spoke too much truth."

Matrimonial Advertisement.—The following cry of despair from Saratoga comes rather late, but it will do for next season: "As between the young ladies on one hand and the young gentlemen eligible for matrimony and this way included, the former are so largely in the majority the latter command a high premium. A feminine philosopher, and one of the finest girls in the village, if not the very first on the list, has called our attention to this unnatural disparity between the two most interesting classes of our population; and she desires us to say that if any enterprising philanthropist can contrive to send up here fifty or seventy-five young bachelors for the season, he will probably succeed in effecting at least a score of excellent matches, provided always that none of the genus de Riviere are among the invoice."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The dates from London are to the 19th. The news is not very striking. The chief provisions of the Chinese treaty have already been given. The full details render it the most satisfactory of all the treaties made with the Chinese. France and England are to retain Canton till the money is paid; and as the indemnity is to come out of the customs' duties, this town may remain for some years in the hands of the allies.

Lord Palmerston has returned to England after numerous interviews with Louis Napoleon. The object of these seems to arouse public curiosity mightily.

France and England have advised the infamous Bomba of Naples the conditions of their resumption of diplomatic relations. "As between the young ladies on one hand and the young gentlemen eligible for matrimony and this way included, the former are so largely in the majority the latter command a high premium. A feminine philosopher, and one of the finest girls in the village, if not the very first on the list, has called our attention to this unnatural disparity between the two most interesting classes of our population; and she desires us to say that if any enterprising philanthropist can contrive to send up here fifty or seventy-five young bachelors for the season, he will probably succeed in effecting at least a score of excellent matches, provided always that none of the genus de Riviere are among the invoice."

The Queen has declined visiting Canada this year. So late in the season, it was absurd to ask it.

Pellissier has returned to England without marring the Empress's cousin. All sorts of rumors are circulated.

The Channel Islands Telegraph.—Southampton, Sept. 7, Night.—The inauguration of the Channel Islands Telegraph took place this day; flags were flying in the town and harbor, and processions proceeded around the town accompanied by military bands. This evening there was a fine display of fireworks and a grand illumination. The directors sent a congratulatory message to her Majesty. The assembled multitude hailed the completion of the telegraph with tremendous cheers. The streets approaching to the office were filled to excess with the throng. The cable works successfully.

NICARAGUA.

Considerable astonishment has been created by the publication, in the Daily Times, of a treaty between Great Britain and Nicaragua. It was arranged between Sir W. Gore Ouseley and Senor Molina and Jerez. The British Government has confirmed it, and Sir Gore Ouseley is now waiting in New York for the arrival of a British war steamer to convey him to San Juan, to obtain the ratification of the President of Nicaragua.

The draft published contains twenty-eight articles. England acknowledges the sovereignty and independence of the republic of Nicaragua. The citizens of the respective countries are to be placed on an equal footing, when residing in the country of the other party, with other foreigners. Ships of war and post office packets are mutually to be allowed to enter harbors and reefs. No discrimination in imports, whether goods be brought in the vessels of one nation or the other. Citizens of one nation residing in the other to be fully protected in all kinds of lawful business. Provisions are made in regard to the disposal of property by sale, will, or otherwise; and for marriage; for fair trials; exemption from military service; for not retaining in the naval or military service deserters; for aiding in returning deserters from the merchant service; for liberty of conscience; for burial grounds. Nicaragua grants to Great Britain the right of transit, natural or artificial, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The dividends of any railroad or canal established not to exceed fifteen per cent. Great Britain agrees to extend her protection to all such routes of communication, and to guarantee neutrality. No tonnage duties to be levied on vessels or goods going through bona fide. If Nicaragua failed to afford military protection, when necessary to the transit routes, Great Britain may employ arms, force, withdrawing it when the necessity ceases. The treaty made very fair and impartial on paper; but as the Nicaraguans will seldom, if ever, have any occasion to avail themselves of the privileges mutually arranged, about the whole benefit of the convention will come to British trade and interests.

Sir W. G. Ouseley intends negotiating a similar treaty with all the Central American States.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Aristic News.—A correspondent who dines from Naples gives a very interesting account of a Madonna by Raphael, that has never been engraved, and which is familiar to very few. This picture is in the palace of the King of Naples, and is known as the Naples Madonna, or more properly as the altar piece painted for the nuns of Santa Antonio in Perugia. It was painted in 1504, when Raphael was not twenty-one, and remained the altar piece of the chapel for which it was painted till 1668. There is no copy nor engraving of this beautiful painting. The theatres are commencing their campaigns, and with tolerable success. James Anderson, so well known here, is taking his two hundred and seventeenth farewell, in the old pie up doctin dramas of "Ingomar," "Lady of Lyons," "Richard the Third" and "Macbeth." His beautiful wife, they say, has much improved. A Mr. Douglas has made a wonderful hit in Long Tom Coffin sort of character, in which one glorious old salt sinks an enemy's fleet in less than a no time, turns his quid like a hero, and hitches up his breeches like a Commodore Perry. In music there is no much doing. The Athenaeum asks what has become of their tenors—where is Mr. Perrin, Miranda, Millard, and Mr. Haigh? Chorley has lost the run of their wanderings.

The Variations are all agape for a new sensation play called "Le Bigame," for which Madame Doche has been engaged. It is in rehearsal at La Gaité. Bourciquet's "Relief of Lucknow" is being translated for the theatre at Berlin. It will be produced as part of the rejoicings in the Princess Frederick William's accouchement. The Queen, Victoria, will be present. Madame Duval has a comedy in preparation at the Theatre Francaise. The chief point turns upon a wife saving her husband's life by agreeing to surrender herself to the Prime Minister, Richelieu. When he is safe, she enters the tyrant's chamber, stabs herself, and throwing herself into his arms, cries, "I am yours—take me!" Very Frenchy!

An American Association in London.—A member of an American Association, which has opened rooms at No. 14 Cockspur street, writes: "The constitution of the association will give some insight into its objects, which are deemed so important as to be worthy of being widely known. While the charitable is a great feature of its action, and it wishes the English public to know of it, that it may relieve itself of applicants for its charities that are Americans, or call themselves so, by sending such at once to the secretary of the association, yet it has other great objects of interest both to Americans and the English. For Americans its rooms will furnish a place of rendezvous and intercourse, and a source of useful information and direction as to things of interest to them in England and Europe, &c. For the English it will furnish all advantages of information as to America, and both will find liberal and hospitable reception. Particularly are English friends of America invited to call and see if there are not furnished means of the increase of this friendship; and the unfriendly to obtain remedy for a feeling that surely should not be cherished by any in Britain or America, who glory in the deeds of conflict and martyrdom witnessed in this land for religious liberty."

A Printer's Luck.—By the death of Mr. Hobson, of Calcutta, a youth now in the employ of a printer in London is suddenly put in possession of more than a million and a half sterling. It is said the young man had no previous knowledge of his relation, excepting once having heard his mother say she had a brother in India.

Extraordinary Scene at a Wedding.—A few days ago, a youth, still in his teens, accompanied by a good-looking young woman, a few years his senior, drove up to the registry office, Halifax, for the purpose of entering the matrimonial state. The mother of the bridegroom expecting having heard a whisper of what was about to take place, lost no time in setting out in search of her son. On arriving at Halifax, from a neighboring village, where the family reside, her inquiries put her in the right track, and she entered the registry office just as the registrar was commencing the ceremony, and forthwith she gave her son a thorough "drubbing," at the same time giving expression to her feelings in terms anything but respectful to the bride and groom. The not yet "happy couple" hastily left the office, and drove off in the cab awaiting them at the door.

Health of London.—In the week that ended on Saturday, September 21, the number of deaths registered in London was 1,060, of which 521 were the deaths of males, 539 those of females. In the ten years 1848-57, the average number of deaths in the weeks corresponding with last week was 1,457; but as the deaths of last week occurred in an increased population, it is necessary, for the purpose of comparison, to raise the average proportionally to the increase, in which case it will become 1,693. The public health is therefore, so far satisfactory; that the deaths now returned were less by 543 than the number which would have occurred under the average rate of mortality, and although the great number of deaths at two periods when cholera was epidemic must be taken into account, yet there can be no doubt that London enjoys an improved state of health at the present time. Last week the births of 777 boys and 760 girls, in all 1,537 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1848-57, the average number, corrected for increase of population, was 1,668.

Allsort the Tyrannicide.—On Sunday night a tall man, with rather a stooping gait, and about sixty years of age, entered a public news-room at the west end of the metropolis. He was dressed from head to foot in a suit of shepherd's plaid, and carried a small carpet-bag. From long exposure to wind and weather his features were well bronzed, and his appearance, which in such a place was rather calculated to attract notice, suggested the notion of a Highland sheep farmer. To every person in the room, save one, perhaps, he was an utter stranger, and yet he had a reputation which of its kind may be said to have been at one time, if not now, world-wide. For full three months of the present year his exploits and those of his confederates were a theme of conversation throughout all Europe, and his presence was so much in demand in London that the Government offered a reward of £300 for his capture, and the Whickers, Williamsons and Fields, with the rest of the detectives here, on the Continent and in America were upon his trail night and day. He contrived, however, to baffle all attempts at apprehension, and now—the storm over, the prosecution against him abandoned and the reward withdrawn—the fugitive from justice returns to his native country a free man, and, one would hope, a sadder and a wiser one. "The man with the carpet bag" is no other than the veritable Thomas Allsort.

IRELAND.

Extravagance in High Life.—The Limerick Chronicle mentions the following case of extravagance: "A landed proprietor, who came of age two years ago, has been obliged to leave the country in consequence of his embarrassments. On attaining the age of twenty-one he had £10,000 in bank, which he has managed to get rid of, and accumulated debts since to the amount of £400,000. He kept open house for high and low, and was surrounded by fast gents. The late Lord Lieutenant was his guest for three days."

Fatal Faction Fight.—The Clonmel Chronicle gives the following account of the revival of the old faction fights in the South, resulting in the present instance in the death of a farmer named Hayer: "Friday last the well-known fair of Hospital, county Limerick, was held, and we regret to be obliged to announce that again the deadly spirit of faction was evoked before its close, and the result has been that human life has been sacrificed to this murderous feeling of vengeful hate. A farmer named Hayes is the unfortunate victim, after lingering a few brief hours in agonizing suffering from the beating he received. The 'Three-year-olds' and the 'Four-year-olds' met in deadly strife; despite the utmost exertions of the constabulary, sticks were freely used, and a large number of persons were injured—some severely—in a senseless conflict. Exasperated by feelings of animosity and maddened by intoxication, they dealt as under the most deadly blows, and determinedly forfeited the life of the unhappy Hayes can bear testimony. He was borne bleeding and senseless off the field, followed by a few of his friends—perhaps relatives—who changed their clamorous and outrageous demeanor for wild grief. The painful scene brought forcibly to mind those sad events when faction feuds were rife—events which we thought were buried with the past. But the vice seems unquenchable, and crime of as horrid a description as any which has darkened the remembrance of former years seems ready to burst forth in all its lamentable malignity. Is not the law strong enough to repress, with a strong hand, this fell spirit? One almost asks. We would call upon the authorities to adopt the most stringent measures to make the participants criminals amenable, and if conviction should follow to put in force the full rigor of the law. With the denunciations and threatenings of Mr. Justice Keogh uttered against future perpetration of this peculiar class of crime ringing in the public ear, the same deadly violence is re-enacted. The body of Hayes was buried, but has been disinterred, we understand, for the purpose of having an inquest held by the coroner of the district."

GERMANY.

German Stupidity.—In Nagler's "Kunster-Lexicon" is a whimsical error concerning a living English artist—George Cruikshank. Some years ago the relative merits of himself and brother were contrasted in an English review, and George was spoken of as "the real Simon Pure"—the first who had illustrated scenes of "Life in London." Unaware of the real significance of a quotation which has become proverbial among us, the German editor begins his memoir of Cruikshank, by gravely informing us that he is an English artist, "whose real name is Simon Pure!" Turning to the artist under the letter P., we accordingly read—"Pure (Simon), the real name of the celebrated caricaturist, George Cruikshank." This wonderful error is just the man Appletons want to edit their "Encyclopaedia." He would soon throw Ripley and Dana in the shade. Nagler even eclipses the French critic, who, misled by some English review calling Shakespeare "the immortal William," improved it into saying "the immortal Williams!"

An Interesting Reminiscence.—During a recent visit to Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Prince Metternich, calling aside the host of the "Roman Emperor" Hotel, at which he was stopping, stated that on that day (the 23d of August), it was just eighty years since he, then a lad of five years, had first set foot in that house, in the reign of the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria.

FRANCE.

Loss of Speech from Fear.—A strange and painful accident has occurred at one of the French watering-places, Sables d'Olonne. A lady, the wife of a magistrate, was upon the beach waiting for her two children, who, with a servant, were bathing close at hand, when suddenly a shout was raised. One of the children had been allowed to go out too far, and was in danger of drowning. The mother tried to cry aloud for help, but the shock her nervous system had received deprived her of speech. She could do nothing more than wildly gesticulate. The child, meanwhile, was rescued from its dangerous position. The mother, however, was unable to utter a sound, and in spite of all the efforts of the medical men, she still remains dumb.

THE BURNING OF THE STEAMSHIP AUSTRIA.

ANOTHER of those appalling massacres of steamship passengers has been perpetrated upon the high seas. Again hundreds of helpless human beings have been doomed to a sudden and awful death, through the incapacity and pusillanimity of the men to whom their lives were confidently entrusted. One cannot contemplate the horrible and wholesale slaughter which is accomplished in this manner at least once per annum without a shudder. In 1854 the Arctic foundered with three hundred and twenty-two souls; in 1855 the Pacific disappeared with more than two hundred lives; in the same year the Lyonnais is driven to the bottom with a loss of one hundred and forty-four; precisely twelve months ago the Central America was lost, and four hundred and twenty-two of her passengers and crew were swallowed by the waves; and on the 13th of September, 1857, the Austria, with five hundred and ninety-seven human beings on board, is destroyed by fire—or by the incapacity of her officers—and five hundred and thirty lives are thrown away! Yet our legislators tolerate these repeated butcheries, and take no steps to insure a greater degree of safety to the enormous host of travelling Americans. Steamships still put to sea with boat accommodation for not more than one-half their passengers—can still sail with incompetent officers, and with a crew utterly devoid of experience or discipline. The consequence is seen in some such frightful disaster as that of the Austria, the Arctic, or the Central America; and the results of an opposite system are seen in the late accident to the Arabia, in the wreck of the Birkenhead, and the burning of the Sarah Sands.

The Austria, one of the steamships of the line recently established between New York and Hamburg, was one of the largest class of ocean steamers, quite new, and of admirable construction in every particular. She was an iron propeller, built after the Clyde model, in 1857, by J. Caird & Co., of Greenock, rating A.1, two thousand five hundred tons register (or, deducting displacement by machinery, &c., one thousand six hundred and sixty-two tons), propelled by direct acting engines of four hundred horse power. Her length over all, three hundred and forty-seven feet; keel, three hundred and eight feet; breadth of beam, forty feet, and depth of hold, thirty-eight feet; with bunkers for one thousand tons of coal. Bark rigged, with sufficient spread of canvas to enable her to reach port in case of accident to her machinery. Her bowsprit and jib-boom protruded some twenty-five feet beyond her bow. The engine and boilers lay some twenty feet below deck, and were surrounded by sheet iron, so as to confine fire commencing in the furnace-room to its place of origin. Ten water-tight compartments protected her in a great measure against danger from leak. The Austria was valued at about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Her cargo was a large and very valuable one, and was estimated as worth at least five hundred thousand dollars.

She sailed from Hamburg on the 2d of September, and was due in New York on the 16th or 17th. Her non arrival by the 20th excited great uneasiness among those interested in vessel, cargo or passengers, and it was feared that she might have received injury in a gale. This anxiety was greatly intensified by the receipt, on Thursday, September 23d, of the following despatch from Halifax, N. S.:

HALIFAX, Wednesday, Sept. 22.

The ship *Rosenbeath*, from Glasgow, has arrived here, and makes the following report: "On Sept. 15, lat. 45 deg. 12 min., lon. 41 deg. 48 min., passed a large red-bottom steamer on fire; an hour before saw a bark pass close alongside of the steamer; came up with the bark four hours after, and found her to be the Arabia, of Glasgow, for Halifax."

She reported that there was no person on board of the steamer. The steamer appeared to be of American build, and had a very short bowsprit. Her engines worked through the upper deck, and a large beam above the deck was still standing. Could not learn her name, as a strong north-east gale was blowing at the time."

For two days it still remained doubtful whether the burning steamer was the Austria or some other vessel, but the arrival of the bark *Lotus* at Halifax on Sunday set at rest all lingering uncertainty. She had on board twelve passengers rescued from the Austria, which, it was now learned, was burned at sea, September 13th, in latitude 45-1, longitude 41-30. Sixty-seven passengers out of five hundred and ninety-seven were alone known to be saved. The remaining fifty-five had been picked up by a French bark, as will be seen in the course of the following statement by Mr. Brew, the only British subject who was saved. Mr. Brew was on his way, on Government service, to British Columbia:

Charles Brew's Statement.

Took passage at Southampton, 4th inst., in the steamship *Austria*, Captain Heydorn, which left Hamburg on the 2d inst. Sailed at five evening; in consequence of the weather being a little misty, the vessel was anchored between Isle of Wight and main land. Sailed again at four o'clock the following morning. In weighing anchor an unfortunate accident occurred, by which one of the crew lost his life; owing to some mismanagement, the anchor ran out, whirling the captain round with terrific force, hurling the men in all directions. Two were severely injured; one was thrown overboard, and it is supposed he was instantly killed, as he never rose to the surface.

From the time the ship was laid on her course we experienced strong westerly winds.

12th.—The weather was more favorable.

13th.—Eleven knots been attained; all in high hopes of reaching New York by the 18th. A little after two P.M. I was on the quarter deck; saw a dense volume of smoke burst from the after entrance of the steership. Some women ran aft, exclaiming, "The ship is on fire! what will become of us?"

The ship was instantly put at half speed, at which she continued until the magazine exploded, from which I infer the engineers were instantly suffocated.

I only walked from where I was on the quarter-deck to the waist of the ship, when I saw flames breaking through the lights amidships. As the ship was head to the wind, the fire travelled aft with fearful rapidity. Went to the man at the wheel and told him to put the vessel aside to the wind; he hesitated, as he was a native of Hamburg; got a German gentleman to speak to him. At this time saw some persons letting down the boat from the port side of the quarter deck; what became of her do not know, but think she was crushed under the screw.

Went with some others to get out the boat from the starboard side of the quarter-deck. The moment we laid hands on the ropes so many crowded into it that we could not lift it off the blocks. Left it for a few moments until the people got out, then returned and put it over the side of the ship; they all rushed in again—it descended with violence into the water and was instantly swamped, and all the people were washed out but three, who held on. We let down a rope and pulled up one, who proved to be the steward; another in the act of being hauled up was strangled by the rope. The fire came on too fiercely to attempt to get up the third.

All the first cabin passengers were on the poop with the exception of a few gentlemen, who must have been smothered in the smoking-room. Many of the second cabin passengers were also on the poop, but a number of them got shut into their cabin by the fire; some of them were pulled up through the ventilator, but the greater number could not be extricated. The last woman drawn up said there were six already suffocated.

Now perceived that the ship had got her head to the wind again, so that the flames came over the quarter deck. In consequence of the crowd could not get to the wheel-house to ascertain the reason, but was informed that the helmsman had deserted his post, and the vessel was left to herself, headed to the wind.

At this time the scene on the quarter-deck was indescribable and truly heart-rending. Passengers were running to and fro—husbands seeking wives—wives in search of husbands—relatives looking after relatives—others lamenting their children—some wholly paralysed by fear—others madly crying to be saved—but few perfectly calm and collected. The flames pressed so closely upon them that many jumped into the sea. Relatives clasped in each other's arms, leaped over and met a watery grave. Two girls, supposed sisters, jumped over and sank, kissing each other.

A missionary and wife leaped into the sea together, and the stewardess and assistant steward, arm-in-arm, followed.

One Hungarian gentleman, with seven fine children (four girls), made his wife jump in, then blessed the six oldest children, made them jump in one after the other, and followed them with an infant in his own arms.

About this time I was standing outside the bulwarks, holding on by the davits, leaning out to avoid the flames, which were leaping towards me. Saw a swamped boat under me, swinging by a rope still attached to the ship. As the oars were tied in her, thought if I got to her would be enabled to save myself and some others. Let myself down by the rope, passing over a man who was clinging to it, but who refused to come with me.

Took out my penknife to cut the tackle, when the large blade broke; then severed it with the small blade. The ship passed ahead. As I approached the crew, found the boat drawn towards it; tried to keep the boat off, but the crew caught and capsized her over me. Dived away from the ship and came to the surface near the boat, which was keel uppermost. Got on her, and by pressing on one side with assistance of a wave, she righted, but was still swamped. The oars had been knocked out by the crew. The only thing I could find in her to paddle with was some laths nailed together as sheathing for sides. When I looked around, the ship was a quarter of a mile from me. Could see ladies and gentlemen jumping off the poop into the water in twos and threes—some ladies in flames. Several hesitated to leap from the burning ship until the last moment, as the height was twenty-two feet, and only at length when compelled to throw themselves off to avoid the more painful death.

In half an hour not a soul was to be seen on the poop. Pulled after the ship—picked up a German, who was swimming strongly. Got him beside me on the boat and paddled after the ship with laths.

Saw a vessel under sail approaching; she reached the steamer about five P.M. We continued pulling towards them, and, about half-past seven o'clock, after being five hours in the water, got within hail of the sailing vessel, which put off a boat and took us on board.

She proved to be the French barque *Maurice*, Captain Ernest Renaud, of Nantes, bound from Newfoundland for the Isle of Bourbon, with fish. She had, up to that time, rescued forty passengers of the burning steamer, chiefly taken off the bowsprit, but a few were picked up floating around.

About 8 P.M. one of the metallic boats came up with about twenty-three persons, including the first and third officers. Afterwards three or four men were picked up floating on a piece of broken boat. The second officer was taken up, having been swimming, with nothing to float upon, for six hours. The second and third officers were severely burned. One male passenger was burned frightfully, and some other male passengers slightly.

There were but six women saved, three of whom were burnt, one of them in shock.

Captain Renaud acted with the utmost kindness; gave clothes, as far as he could furnish them to the suffering passengers; acted as nurse, doctor and surgeon to the burned people—dressing the wounds of the females with a delicacy and tenderness that evinced a benevolent and amiable disposition.

I did not see an officer of the ship during the fire, and am certain there was not one of them or the crew on the poop, except the man at the wheel for a short time.

I understood that when the captain heard of the fire, he rushed on deck without any cap, and when he saw the flames, exclaimed, "We are all lost!" He tried to get out a boat; which, when let down, was swamped, and he, whether accidentally or not I do not know, fell into the sea, and was soon left behind. The fourth officer was in this boat; he cut her loose from the davits; she was carried under the screw and smashed. Several in her were drowned, but three or four men escaped on a fragment of the boat, and were picked up by the *Maurice*, as before stated.

About the same time one metallic life-boat was let down from the port bow, and swamped, but got cleared away with about thirty-three persons in her, including the first and third officers and several women. The men in this boat capsized her two or three times trying to clear her of water. Ten persons were thus drowned, including some women. They afterwards bailed her out with life preservers cut in two, and pulled to the *Maurice*, having picked up two or three passengers before reaching the bark.

Altogether, there were sixty-seven souls taken into the *Maurice* during the night.

A Norwegian bark came up with the steamer the next morning. A boat from her was observed going around the burning ship, and they may have picked up a few persons, but only a very few. The *Maurice* had no communication with her.

About 7 o'clock the *Maurice* sailed for Fayal, to deposit the rescued passengers. About 2 o'clock the same afternoon she fell in with the bark *Lotus*, Captain Treffy, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, from Liverpool for Halifax. As I was anxious to get on British territory, Captain Treffy kindly gave me a passage. He was also anxious to take all the American citizens among the survivors, but there was such a rush of foreigners into the boats that only one load of eleven could be got off, and even several of these were foreigners.

The fire is known to have arisen from the very culpable negligence of some of the crew. The captain and surgeon considered it expedient to fumigate the steership with burning tar, which operation was to be performed by the boat-swain, under the superintendence of the fourth officer. The boat-swain heated the end of a chain to dip in tar to produce the smoke. The end became too hot to hold, and he let it drop upon the deck, to which it set fire. The tar also upset, and immediately all about was in flames. A feeble attempt was made to extinguish the fire, but it was without effect. There was nothing on hand to meet such an emergency.

The rescued passengers saved nothing but the clothes on their backs, and even the greater part of these were torn and otherwise lost. Six hundred souls were supposed to be on board, many of whom were women and children.

Very little need be added to the full and explicit statement of Mr. Brew. The horrors of the situation—the agony of the passengers—the worthlessness of officers and crew—are fully exhibited in his straightforward narrative, which is fully corroborated in every particular by that of Mr. Glaubenskie, one of the German passengers. We call attention to the fact that, in the following list of saved, the three principal officers next to the captain are to be found, and that six women only have escaped with their lives. The list is as follows:

L. Kuhn, first officer; R. Heilmann, second officer; S. Burnett, third officer; C. Meinert, boatswain's mate; C. Platte, quartermaster; N. Surgenen, sailor; H. Richter, boy; S. Freibold, fireman; Edward Arndolph, steward; C. Poll, engineer's assistant.

PASSENGERS.—Maria Friedrich, from Troy (or Trag); Rosalie St. Zieg, of Lobenz; Betty Ergen, of Lemberg; Catharine Tinkell, of New York; B. Rovenadon, of Sharrbeck; Trina Hoeschel, of Bremenford; Fiana Measner, of New York; Charles Traas, of Nicaragua; Theodore Kisteld, of New York; Durrefeld, of Dresden; D. Cohn, of Breslau; Wm. Falter, of Lueben; F. Reinalman, of Koln; Jacob Hill, of Balzer; Franz Fitz, of Mainz; Emil Faw, of Enger; Victor Scheck, of Koln; Wm. Becker, of Solingen; T. Wiffen and Ellen Vile, of New York; Lyon Wolff, of do; C. Lunk, of Chicago; Leopold Thiller, of Pochowitz; G. Lukmann, of Cincinnati; T. Hoentoe, Raborus Wildnis and F. R. Retke, of Lensen; G. Volieren, of Cappeln; Friedrich Stabner, of Sarinow; H. Oehar, of Bremerback; Ferdinand Stabner, of Sarinow; C. Becker, of Blomberg; A. Sauer, of Capeln; N. Sieke, H. Wendell, C. Euehler, of Rendsburg; S. Hess, of Holstein; H. Haas, of Berlin; Peter Traeger and Wm. Millow, of Worms; Levy Beck, of Ludorf; S. Pollack, of Rutenen; Philip Muller, of Aarun; Ernst Witte, of Wenden; A. Bonstiel, of Maunheim; E. Wenschmann, of Lissen; Friedel Wagner, of Cassel; James Smith Murray, of Alexandria, Va.

PASSENGERS TRANSFERRED TO THE *LOTUS*.—Charles Brew, of England; Jean Polikarska, of New York; Philip Berry, of Hackensack; H. Rynders and C. Hoggstad, of Sweden; C. V. T. Roeln, of Richmond, Va.; Henry Augustus Smith, of Chelsea, Mass.; John F. Cox, of Boston; Alfred Vozin, of Philadelphia; Theodore G. Glaubenskie, of New York; Thomson, of California.

When Captain Waters, of the steamship *Prince Albert*, ascertained that twelve of the Austria's passengers had arrived, he kindly offered all a free passage, and detained his steamer for the purpose of allowing them to embark. Ten of the unfortunates thus availed themselves of his generosity, and sailed for New York in that vessel at five o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

The Boston Traveller, of which the marine editor is an experienced sailor, remarks that—

The destruction of the Austria occurred on the 13th of September—but a single day from the anniversary of the ill-fated Central America, which was lost September 12, 1857. There were some furs on board, and a few linens; the total value of the cargo may be estimated at \$600,000. Of this amount, probably one-fourth is not insured at all; and the remainder, it is fair to infer, is about equally divided between our own and foreign companies, although the total insured on this side cannot be known for some time, as much of it is under open policies. The steamer cost about \$26 per ton, and was insured on the other side.

The following list of Atlantic Steamship losses we have compiled from various sources:

	Lives Lost.	Saved.	Value of Vessel and Cargo.
1 President	British 130	none	\$1,200,000
2 Columbia	American	all	
3 Humboldt	ditto	all	
4 City of Glasgow	British 420	none	\$50,000
5 City of Philadelphia	ditto	all	
6 Franklin	American	all	
7 Arctic	ditto 322	87	1,800,000
8 Pacific	ditto 240	none	2,000,000
9 Lyonnais	French 344	16	280,000
10 Tempest	British 160	none	300,000
11 San Francisco	American 240	160	400,000
12 Central America	ditto 422	170	2,500,000
13 Austria	German 630	67	\$60,000
			\$10,180,000

The principal losses have all occurred since 1853.

CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frire, the Chess Editor, Box 2405, N. Y. P. O.

FIGURATIVE AND LITERAL.—All the young teads around the Chess puddle are ejecting their venom at the great Bull-frog, because his croak is not pitched to a key-note which suits them. Master John Chapman, who edits the Chess column of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, has given the last edition, under the caption of "Paul Morphy and H. Staunton." The fame of Morphy needs no such defending; nor do we believe that Mr. Morphy admires that style of "attack." He plays a more gentlemanly and liberal game. Such articles, when read by those who have no acquaintance with their authors, have a tendency only to bring down what Mr. Staunton has spent the leisure of his life in trying to build up, namely, a respect in the world for Chess, and its general practice in good society. A little masterly imperturbable now, while all the world has its eye on the Chess board and the Chess players, will produce glorious results to those who love the game and work for its advancement. The handsome manner in which Mr. Morphy is spoken of in the *Illustrated London News* of September 18th, should put there "spread eagle" writers to the blush.

LATELY.—At last advice, the score between Meers, Morphy and Harris stood: Morphy, 3; Harris, 2. They play for 500 francs. The first winner of seven games to be the victor.

OPENING NIGHT.—The Brooklyn Chess Club will hold a general meeting at the Club rooms, 120 Atlantic street, on Saturday evening, Oct. 9th, at 8 o'clock, at which meeting every Chess player in Brooklyn is cordially invited and urged to be present.

MR. MORPHY IN PARIS.—The following from the *Illustrated London News* of the

18th September, is the latest intelligence we have of Mr. Morphy in the French capital:

CHESS IN PARIS.—MR. MORPHY AND MR. HARRIS.—A short match—much too short, in our opinion, to afford a fair test of skill—has been arranged between these formidable combatants; the stakes on the German's side being found by the Paris *Cercle des Echecs* or by the *habitués* of the Café de la Régence, and those on Mr. Morphy's part by himself. The conflict is to consist of the best of thirteen games; in other words, the player who first wins seven is to be accounted conqueror. Up to the time when we go to press the score of this extremely interesting bout—by far the most exciting and important of any in which the American has yet been engaged—stands:

Harris, 2; Morphy, 2. Of these four games Harris won the first two; the latter, which are very brilliant, being scored by the American in his most dashing style. Owing to some difficulty in procuring copies of these games we are compelled to defer their publication; but, in the meantime, have much pleasure in presenting one *partie*, not in the match, but a preliminary game contested by these famous masters, while the terms of their match were under discussion by the seconds:

WHITE. Mr. H.	BLACK. Mr. M.	WHITE. Mr. H.	BLACK. Mr. M.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	18 Q to Q sq	K to R sq
2 P to K B 4	P to K 4	19 B to K 3	R to K 3 (ch)
3 K to K B 3	P to K 4	20 K to R 4	R to K 3 (ch)
4 P to K 4	P to K 4	21 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
5 K to K 5	K to K B 3	22 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
6 K to Q B 4	P to Q 4	23 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
7 P to K 3	K to Q 3	24 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
8 P to Q 4	K to K R 4	25 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
9 K to Q K 5 (ch)	P to Q 3	26 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
10 P to K 3	Castles	27 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
11 P to K 3	Q to K 3	28 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
12 Q to K K 5 (ch)	K to K 2	29 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
13 Q to K 3	Q to K 3	30 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
14 Q to Q B 3	H to K K 3	31 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
15 B to K 3	P to K 3	32 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
16 Q to K 3	K to Q 3	33 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
17 Castles (on K's side)	Q to Q sq	34 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
18 Q to Q sq	K to R sq	35 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
19 B to K 3	R to K 3	36 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
20 K to R 4	Q to K 3	37 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
21 Q to K 3	B to K 2	38 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
22 Q to Q	Q to Q 2	39 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
23 Q to Q K 5	Q to her sq	40 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
24 P to Q 5	K to K B 4	41 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
25 B to K 2	K to K K 5	42 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
26 Q to her 3	Q to K K 2	43 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
		44 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
		45 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
		46 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)
		47 Q to Q sq	R to K 3 (ch)

(The attack obtained, though tremendous in appearance, hardly war-

MENTAL CHES.—We are indebted to the *Illustrated London News* for the following games, being four out of the eight played mentally by Mr. Morphy at the Birmingham Chess gathering:

WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Lord L.	WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Lord L.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	12 K to K 3	Q to K 3
2 P to K B 4	P to K 4	13 K to K 3	K to B 3
3 K to K B 3	P to K 4	14 Q to K 3	K to K 3
4 P to K 4	P to K 4	15 K to K 3	K to K 3
5 K to K 5	P to Q 3	16 K to K 3	K to K 3
6 K to K K 5	K to K 2	17 K to K 3	K to K 3
7 P to Q 4	B to K R P (ch)	18 K to K 3	K to K 3
8 K to K B 2	B to K 3	19 K to K 3	K to K 3
9 K to B 3	K to K B 3	20 K to K 3	K to K 3
10 K to Q B 3	K to K 2	21 K to K 3	K to K 3
11 Q to K 3	K to K 3	22 K to K 3	K to K 3

• To say the White men were played by Mr. Morphy means no more than that, as his opponent used the dark ones, it was presumed he mentally adopted the opposite color.

SECOND BOARD.—THE REV. GEORGE SALMON.

WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. S.	WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. S.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	14 Q to K 3	Q to K 3
2 K to K B 3	P to K 4	15 K to K 3	K to K 3
3 K to Q B 4	K to Q B 4	16 K to K 3	K to K 3
4 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	17 K to K 3	K to K 3
5 P to K 3	K to K K 5	18 Q to K 3	Q to K 3
6 Castles	K to K 2	19 P to K 3	Q to K 3
7 K to K 3	Castles	20 K to K 3	K to K 3
8 P to Q 4	K to Q 3	21 K to K 3	K to K 3
9 K to K B 3	Q to K 3	22 K to K 3	K to K 3
10 K to K 3	Q to K 3	23 K to K 3	K to K 3

(In these games Mr. Morphy over-looks nothing; the moment an enemy makes an attack the correct defence follows, as if everything had been foreseen and provided for.)

11 P to Q 3 P to Q 3 | 24 Q to K 3 | P to K 3 || 12 Q to K 3 | Q to K 3 | 25 Q to K 3 | P to K 3 |
| 13 P to Q 4 | Q to K 3 | 26 Q to K 3 | P to K 3 |
| 14 P to K 3 | Q to K 3 | 27 Q to K 3 | P to K 3 |

(He plainly saw that by taking the Black he would be subjected to loss by—14 K to Q B 3; 15 K to K 7 (ch); and 16 K to K 3, &c.)

FOURTH BOARD.—MR. KIPPING.

WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. K.	WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	16 K to K 3	B to K 3
2 K to K B 3	P to K 4	17 B to Q K 5 (ch)	P to Q B 3
3 P to Q 4	P to K 4	18 P to K 3	
4 K to Q B 4	K to Q B 4	19 Q to Q 3	P to Q 4
5 Castles	P to Q 3	20 Q to Q 3	K to K 6
6 P to Q 3	Q to K 3	21 B to K 3	Q to K 3
7 Q to K K 5	Q to K 3	22 K to K 3	P to K 3
8 P to K 3	Q to K 3	23 K to K 3	P to K 3
9 K to K 3	Q to K 3	24 K to K 3	P to K 3
10 P to K 4	Q to K 3	25 K to K 3	P to K 3
11 K to R 4	K to K 3	26 K to K 3	P to K 3
12 P to K 3	K to K 3	27 K to K 3	P to K 3

(Throughout the whole of this prodigious exploit the present move was the only instance in which Mr. Morphy was guilty of a miscalculation; and in this case the error is not at all obvious 24 K to K 3; 25 K to K 3; 26 K to K 3; 27 K to K 3; 28 K to K 3; 29 K to K 3; 30 K to K 3; 31 K to K 3; 32 K to K 3; 33 K to K 3; 34 K to K 3; 35 K to K 3; 36 K to K 3; 37 K to K 3; 38 K to K 3; 39 K to K 3; 40 K to K 3; 41 K to K 3; 42 K to K 3; 43 K to K 3; 44 K to K 3; 45 K to K 3; 46 K to K 3; 47 K to K 3; 48 K to K 3; 49 K to K 3; 50 K to K 3; 51 K to K 3; 52 K to K 3; 53 K to K 3; 54 K to K 3; 55 K to K 3; 56 K to K 3; 57 K to K 3; 58 K to K 3; 59 K to K 3; 60 K to K 3; 61 K to K 3; 62 K to K 3; 63 K to K 3; 64 K to K 3; 65 K to K 3; 66 K to K 3; 67 K to K 3; 68 K to K 3; 69 K to K 3; 70 K to K 3; 71 K to K 3; 72 K to K 3; 73 K to K 3; 74 K to K 3; 75 K to K 3; 76 K to K 3; 77 K to K 3; 78 K to K 3; 79 K to K 3; 80 K to K 3; 81 K to K 3



DESTRUCTION OF THE HAMBURG STEAMSHIP "AUSTRIA" BY FIRE, ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1858.—SEE PAGE 289.



"AUSTRIA" BY FIRE, ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1858.—SEE PAGE 289.

release or the detention of my child?" The baron paused, D'Argenson exchanging glances with the Duke of Chartres, and with Jacques, alternately. After a momentary silence the lieutenant of police replied:

"As soon as thy daughter has testified to a few facts which we desire to elicit from her, with respect to the theft lately committed to her detriment, she shall be at liberty to depart; we seek not to detain her longer."

Although this was uttered in a deliberate tone, D'Argenson held his eyes averted, unable to withstand the steadfastness of the baron's gaze, which implied his doubt of the lieutenant's sincerity; shaking his head incredulously, he responded:

"Proceed then to thy interrogatory, 'Sieur D'Argenson! Thou canst have nought to ask a daughter that her father may not hear, nor my daughter ought to confess to strangers that should call up blushes for her father's presence; proceed at once, and Heaven be thy monitor, my child;" here he embraced Julie, and placing his hand upon her head, silently besought a blessing upon it.

D'Argenson paused a moment, glancing at the duke, who stood perplexed by the baron's firmness, and then retorted:

"The noble Baron de St. Auney forgets that within the walls of the Bastille it is my privilege to command, not to obey. But to satisfy thy scruples, baron"—here D'Argenson smiled ironically, emphasizing each word in the concluding sentence, as though it implied some latent design connected with the decision and influencing it—"I will on this occasion forego my right, and comply with a prisoner's request."

The lieutenant's peculiar tone, coupled with his significant side-glance, convinced D'Orleans, who felt disinclined for the interrogatory of Julie before her father—that D'Argenson, with his usual discernment, had opportunely taken advantage of the baron's pertinacity, and by acceding to his demand, intended turning his mistrust to their own account, and to accomplish more fully, through the instrumentality of the baron himself, the object they sought to attain.

D'Argenson's sudden readiness to accede to his wish also threw De St. Auney off his guard, who gathering confidence in proportion as his doubts diminished, now half condemned the sentiments of distrust which had intruded itself upon his mind; involuntarily the cloud passed away from his brow, and he stood awaiting D'Argenson's first question to Julie with a greater degree of composure than either the lieutenant of police or the duke evinced, as the former stepped forward to address the shrinking girl.

St. Marc and Corb  remained in their corner, exchanging glances and whispers, apparently uninterested spectators of the scene.

Jacques too was visibly moved; his thick brows were contracted together until the orbs beneath were scarcely discernible; his hands clenched, as though by a violent effort he restrained himself from committing some desperate act, and his lips closely compressed by the force of sudden but invincible resolution; at length D'Argenson began:

"Mademoiselle Julie de St. Auney must overlook the sudden intrusion of our agent, but the nature of our duties often compels us to employ extraordinary means to accomplish the ends of justice with certainty; I alone am responsible for the mode in which her abduction was effected—"

"We possess a clue to the ring that was stolen, but we request to know the name of the party from whose hands mademoiselle received it?"

The innocent Julie looked at D'Argenson with eyes brimful of bright tears, her face crimsoned with the warm blushes which maiden-shame had engendered. She had received the gift from her lover, from her affianced husband, but her feminine nature shrunk from the avowal; she turned her face away from her interrogator, and hiding it in her father's bosom, sobbed as she said to him,

"Thou knowest, dear father—it was Leon gave it me."

The baron understood the appeal, and casting a look of reproachful indignation at the lieutenant of police, replied,

"Thy question, 'Sieur Lieutenant, is unbecoming a gentleman; however, I am willing to believe it necessary for the furtherance of justice, and will take upon myself to answer for my child; that ring was the gift of her affianced husband, Count Leon de St. Leu!"

"St. Leu!" ejaculated Philip D'Orleans; "St. Leu? he who holds his majesty's commission to serve in the corps of musketeers?"

"The same, highness," rejoined the baron, "of which corps your highness is chief; Leon often cites your highness's name with sentiments of gratitude."

"Enough! enough!" responded the duke, in a most peremptory manner, his brow darkening with displeasure; "I am sorry, very sorry it is so. Lieutenant," he continued, turning towards D'Argenson, "there is no necessity for continuing the interrogatory of this maiden; I shall see thee again to-morrow; to-morrow, at noon, come to my hotel;" and raising his plumed beaver, the duke was on the point of quitting the apartment without further notice of any one, when De St. Auney stepped forward and again addressed him:

"Pardon my boldness, highness; but whatever motives of anger you may have against St. Leu, believe me, on my honor, they were not intentional on his part. I pray your highness explain—"

"Peace, 'Sieur baron," angrily retorted the duke; "I have nought to explain. I am only sorry St. Leu was the giver of that ring—"

"Your highness will, perhaps, condescend to stay a moment longer," remonstrated D'Argenson, perceiving that the duke was on the point of betraying himself; "we have yet to propose terms to monsieur le baron."

"True!" observed the duke, recalled to a sense of his indiscretion by a significant glance from D'Argenson; "I had forgotten—," and muttering between his teeth: "St. Leu! impossible!" advanced a step or two nearer to the baron and his daughter.

"Baron de St. Auney," said D'Argenson, addressing him, "thy daughter is at liberty to depart, since his highness considers further interrogation useless; thou also shalt be at liberty to quit the chateau, if thou canst find, within twenty-four hours, security for thy reappearance here on the day after the termination of the forthcoming suit at the Supreme Court of Judicature."

The baron embraced his daughter, and said, whilst tears stood in his eyes:

"Go, my child; return to thy home, to thy sister, to thy lover. Tell them thy father blesses them; they will never behold him more."

"Oh, father! say not so!" sobbed Julie. "Monsieur will not, cannot keep thee here a prisoner for ever." Corb  gave a hideous grin of incredulity. "Only tell me what to do, and we will seek friends in Paris, who shall intercede for thee before his majesty. Your highness will," she continued, addressing the duke—"you have promised."

"And for thy sake, lovely maiden, I will keep my word—"

"Nay more," interrupted D'Argenson, "the baron shall leave the chateau this very day, if Mademoiselle de St. Auney will consent to remain on a hostage for his return at the stipulated time; that, however, he continued, deferentially, "depends upon monsieur le baron's decision."

"Which is," shouted the latter, "that I will sooner end my days in the darkest dungeon of the Bastille than a child of mine should inhabit, even for the shortest period, its least comfortable chamber. 'Sieur Lieutenant, see that my daughter be conveyed hence straightway; I will remain!"

Jacques uttered a groan and shrugged his shoulders. The baron looked round, and understood that this worthy individual disapproved of his decision. Unable to comprehend the meaning of the friendly admonition thus conveyed, he paused. D'Orleans and the lieutenant of police, who had also heard the sound, sought in vain to ascertain whence it proceeded; they beheld St. Marc and Corb  whispering, and Jacques standing apparently motionless, his eyes fixed upon the duke.

D'Argenson was about to hazard a reply to the baron's com-

mand, but was prevented by Julie, who, although unable to suppress either the fast-falling tears or the sobs that nearly choked her utterance, summoned sufficient firmness to leave her father's side and advance close to the duke, when, with a gesture indicative of great decision of purpose, she exclaimed,

"Highness! will you not take a maiden's word for her father's honor? I will pledge my honor for his return; will you not stand our friend and give the required security?"

"Pardon me," ejaculated D'Argenson, drawing nearer the group, and leaning upon his cane, as he continued; "but there are reasons which render it imperative upon me to refuse his highness's security; unless the baron can, through thy instrumentality, procure other, or will agree to thy remaining in his stead, matters must take their course; I will not predict their issue!"

"Thou hast heard my reply to thy proposal," observed the Baron de St. Auney.

"Then hear mine!" interrupted Julie in a sudden burst of affection. "I will not leave this spot, unless by force, until my father quit it with me, or consent to quit it, without me. I crave his highness's word that I be protected during my stay, and confide in the honor of royalty."

D'Orleans was thunderstruck at the magnanimity of the youthful Julie. He gazed upon her feature, in silent admiration, inwardly despising himself for entertaining the black design which had brought him to the Bastille, and betrayed him into acquiescence with a plan, the development of which disgusted him, and which he felt rendered him unworthy of breathing the same atmosphere as his unsuspecting victim.

D'Argenson was not thunderstruck—he was unmoved—such a result he had foreseen. To bring about such a result he had framed the project which D'Orleans had consented to second.

The baron himself was speechless—his emotion paralyzed his utterance; but, had it not been thus, his daughter's imperative glance would have informed him of the fallacy of opposing the sacrifice of her liberty. He could only look at D'Orleans and at D'Argenson, and, had not the latter possessed a heart impenetrable to natural feeling, or had the former possessed a soul above self, that look, and Julie's appeal to his honor, would have determined the abandonment of a design most diabolical in conception.

Whilst D'Orleans was hesitating between his better nature and his baser self, whilst St. Marc and Corb  looked on and chuckled over the prospect of the part they should play in the drama, of which the first scene only was now being enacted; whilst Jacques, muttering a prayer, silently devoted himself to avenge any injury which might befall the baron or his daughter, whilst the baron thanked heaven for blessing him with such a child, and the child solicited the protection of the All-Powerful; D'Argenson stood calculating the chances most favorable towards the furtherance of his projects, and the probable results of his evil machinations; but, fearful lest in a fit of temporary repentance the duke should suddenly refuse his co-operation therein, he ejaculated, in reply to Julie's appeal,

"I, myself, will answer for thy safety, beautiful Julie, and that, on the return of thy sire, thou shalt depart hence."

"Yes," chimed in D'Orleans; "we, ourselves, will see that thou art furnished with everything befitting thy sex and rank, and my protection shall be accorded to thee, both during thy stay and after thy liberation."

Although Julie mistrusted the sincerity of D'Argenson's promise, she entertained no suspicion of the duke's honor; casting a look of discouragement and of disgust upon the former, she seized the hand of the latter with fervor, and kneeling, pressed it to her lips, in token of gratitude, saying, falteringly, as she arose,

"Thanks, highness, for this condescension; and now, father," she continued, turning towards the baron, "thou canst have no objection to go hence! Monseigneur has promised to assist thee in thy suit to his majesty; go, we shall soon meet again—indeed, I do not mind remaining here at all;" but, despite her efforts at firmness, the tears would flow, betraying how greatly her inclination warred against her decision.

De St. Auney caught her to his heart in raptures, covering her fair brow and beautiful lips with warmest kisses of paternal love.

"My child, I will go," exclaimed he, the tears falling hot and fast as he spoke; "I will go, if it be only to return hither; to fetch thee in triumph; I leave thee to the care of Providence, and to the watching eye of thy sainted mother; bless thee, my girl, bless thee," his sobs interrupted him, but father and daughter stood, clasped in fond embrace.

D'Argenson exchanged a glance with St. Marc, who advanced to the table, before which he deliberately seated himself, whilst Corb  had again recourse to the closet, whence he a second time withdrew the same ponderous volume, and having placed it before his uncle handed him a bundle of strips of parchment, one of which the governor commenced filling up.

Whilst he was thus engaged Philip D'Orleans bowed to D'Argenson and then to the baron, and assuming the privilege of a superior, kissed the two cheeks of his beautiful daughter, regardless of her blushes and confusion; D'Argenson beckoned Corb , who prepared to follow the duke, and insure his safe egress; the latter, as he left the apartment, again exclaimed,

"Good day, 'Sieur Lieutenant; remember, to-morrow, noon."

"Monsieur le baron will please sign this paper," observed St. Marc, in a husky voice, at the same time placing the document in the position most convenient for the operation; "it is the writ of exeat."

The baron advanced towards the table, and having examined the document, laid it down, observing,

"I cannot sign it."

"Why not, why not, *sang dieu*?" exclaimed D'Argenson, hurriedly; "it is necessary."

"Because," replied the baron, "the document is false. Restore my—"

"Oh!" hastily ejaculated the governor, catching D'Argenson's eye, "I understand—I had forgotten—truly—yes, yes!—certainly—the papers—"

Opening a large and deep drawer, or rather, moveable chest, fitting into the table, and running upon small castors, he extracted therefrom the valuables and the papers which the baron had about him on entering the chateau. Handing them to the legitimate possessor, not without sundry covetous glances, which were only checked by the silent hints of the lieutenant of police to the effect that nothing was to be withheld, he placed a pen in the baron's hand.

De St. Auney perceived, with evident satisfaction, that the valuables and papers were intact. He again perused the document, and having affixed his signature, returned the pen to the governor. Then rejoining his daughter, he placed a sum of gold in her hands, that in the event of her being deprived of the comforts of life, she might at least possess the means of purchasing them.

St. Marc now affixed his signature underneath that of the baron, and D'Argenson countersigned the document, making, as he ended, a long and thick dash with the pen close beneath the final letter of his name.

At this moment Corb  returned. The newly-signed parchment was folded and placed within the leaves of the huge book, which was again closed and deposited within its hiding-place.

D'Argenson spoke not; he stepped forward, making a sign to St. Marc, and handing a slip of paper to Jacques, was on the point of leaving the apartment, absorbed in a colloquy with the governor, when Corb  remarked,

"Does the Baron de St. Auney remain, monseigneur?"

"He does not; it is I," responded Julie, ere either D'Argenson, St. Marc, or even the baron had time to reply; and disengaging herself from his embrace with a painful though partially successful effort to overcome and conceal her emotion, she said to her father,

"Adieu, dear father; tarry not longer here, I pray thee, lest I

regret that I may not accompany thee hence. Adieu! make haste to fetch me!" she continued, playfully, smothering a sob. "Kiss sister Jeanne, and," here she whispered, "shouldst thou see Leon, tell him—tell him Julie hopes he will not—" she could say no more, for a flood of tears gushed from their beautiful fountain, deep sobs arresting the passage of her words.

The baron, checking his own emotion, would have replied otherwise than by folding her more closely to his heart, but D'Argenson, unmoved, testily exclaimed,

"If the Baron de St. Auney is quite ready, we are both journeying the same road, that is, as far as the gate of the chateau."

Unable from excess of grief to say more to his daughter, the baron imprinted on her lips a farewell kiss, and bowing haughtily to D'Argenson, prepared to follow him out, Julie attending her father to the door, and suppressing all outward evidence of her mental anguish.

As the door closed upon the governor, D'Argenson and the baron, Jacques rushed forward, and saved Julie from sinking upon the floor.

Corb , an unmoved witness of this event, shuddered, as though suddenly aware of the coldness of the morning, blew upon the tips of his fingers, turned his back upon Jacques and Julie, and commenced raking together the embers in the hearth.

CHAPTER XIV.—SHOWS HOW ST. MARCEL WAS SET AT LIBERTY, AND WHAT BECAME OF HIM.

It will be remembered that, as a measure of policy, involving the safety of all parties, the worthy commandant placed St. Marcel under arrest immediately on the issue of the duel which so nearly proved fatal to St. Leu. His next step was to report both upon the sick list, not feeling inclined to let the former roam prematurely at large, lest he should, in a fit of inebriety, babble of the affair to such of his brother officers who, not having witnessed the duel, had no interest to keep it secret. The term of his confinement, however, had now elapsed, which Schwillwein deemed unnecessary to protract, as St. Leu's wound no longer gave cause of apprehension; he therefore returned St. Marcel's sword, and on the evening of the eighth day after the fray that he had so conspicuously figured in, dismissed him, with many injunctions to secrecy on the subject of St. Leu's absence.

On reaching the street, St. Marcel extended his arms and his jaws in a manner to induce the supposition of his having only just awoke from a long fit of drowsiness. Feeling certain, however, that the Rue Traversi re had not changed its locality, but still remained on intimate terms of neighborhood with the Rue St. Honor —that, consequently, he should find the Palais Royal exactly where it stood seven days before—St. Marcel set off at a rapid pace in the latter direction, and after indulging in a pedestrian tour around it some dozen times, all at once bethought himself that he had not supped.

Under ordinary circumstances, this discovery would have immediately led to one result, as obvious to every individual as it appeared to our hero; in his present position, however, it brought on a fit of temporary abstraction, for some minutes totally absorbing him in the contemplation of the means whereby might be attained the consummation he so devoutly wished. 'Tis true, he endeavored to establish the fallacy of a second discovery, effected simultaneously with the first, but, unfortunately, the proofs were not palpable; with an invocation, therefore, of a decidedly naughty tendency upon his own ill fortune, upon the better luck of the commandant, and with a consignment of the dice to a remote region, suppositively, by speculative geographers, placed beneath the earth, he withdrew his hands from his pockets, at once philosophically resigning himself to the firm belief of his being unpossessed of a single solitary sol.

Not that the supper itself, be it said, formed an object so difficult to attain. He knew friends innumerable, at whose table his presence would be hailed with unrestrained glee; his old hostess, and especially her coquettish, black-eyed daughter, would joyfully spread a cloth and toss up an omelette to welcome his return; the commandant, too, would not be backward in a display of hospitality; but neither of these courses suited his present happy frame of mind. He sought excitement—novelty in his pleasure—a supper with some fresh face—no every-day meal, surrounded and adorned with countenances as familiar to him as his own, seen through a reflecting medium. Being a man of the world, he at once started off in the direction of the Rue St. Jacques, but upon a voyage of discovery in this, to him, unexplored region.

The Quartier Latin, at this period, held—indeed still holds—a conspicuous position in the French metropolis, as the abode and favorite resort of the young aspirants to distinction in theology, medicine or jurisprudence; not, however, that this alone constituted its claim to distinction, based upon the glory of ancient privileges now abolished truly, but associated with the early history of Paris, her regal rulers, her parliamentary despots, her not less arbitrary provost. Against the latter the heads of the university had always carried on a systematic warfare, owing its origin to the constant tendency of the efforts and intrigues of the provost to curtail the privileges of the university, and to the determination of the university to protect and enforce her acknowledged rights. Not one of the least dangerous of the former was that of affording a sanctuary to criminals, who, once within the precincts of the colleges, could set the officers of justice at defiance, by placing themselves under the wings of the motherbird.

Continually exposed to the society of this mass of lawless beings; ever meeting with some of them at the numerous *cabarets*, in which the neighborhood abounded; frequenting the same places of public amusement; jostling them in the day as they hastened, book in hand, to their respective classes; nay, sometimes even competing with one of them for a university degree; in a word, familiarized with their habits to an extent that rendered them unsuspecting of their baneful tendency; it will readily be inferred that the disposition and manners of the students were deeply tinctured with the spirit of their associates, and that they, imperceptibly, became assimilate in character; not, perhaps, to a criminal extent, but sufficiently equivocal to excite the close attention of the police.

One prominent feature in the habits of the former was their joviality, than which no charm was calculated to operate more potently upon the ardent temperament of St. Marcel; his own dissipated mode of life, congenial to that of the inhabitants of the Quartier Latin, prompted him now, for the first time, to seek their acquaintance, convinced that his rank as an officer of the musketeers would insure him a warm reception; for securing their good will he depended upon his own resources. "Besides," thought he, "I may pick up a few stray crowns; there must be some saplings amongst them! So, courage, St. Marcel, my boy! courage!"

The vicinage towards which he now directed his footsteps perfectly corresponded with the genius of its denizens. From the Foss s St. Victor eastward to the Rue de Seine and the Pr  aux Clercs westward, from the Seine to the north to the extreme boundaries south of the Faubourg St. Germain, rose a heterogeneous mass of dark buildings, thickly clinging together, by night silent as the grave, by day resounding with the buzz of a thousand voices engaged in propounding the doctrines of the schools of Greece and Rome, in anatomizing the heresies of Luther and Calvin, or in promulgating new systems of philosophy or physics. Here stood the Sorbonne with its magnificent portico and graceful cupola, whose sombre walls, scarcely a century and a half back, had echoed the eloquence of a Theodore B za and a Calvin, opposed to the specious dogmas of a Cardinal de Lorraine and a Cardinal de Guis . Surrounding the parent edifice at irregular distances the schools and colleges figured next, with an outward appearance of modesty quite becoming their infant state; whilst two or three, the Coll ge St. Michel, De la Marche, De Ecossais, with the splendid cloistered Ecole de Cluny, already sent forth disciples, armed in rhetoric and philosophy at all points, eager to maintain these even against the elder, black-capped, grave doctors of the Sorbonne.

(To be continued.)

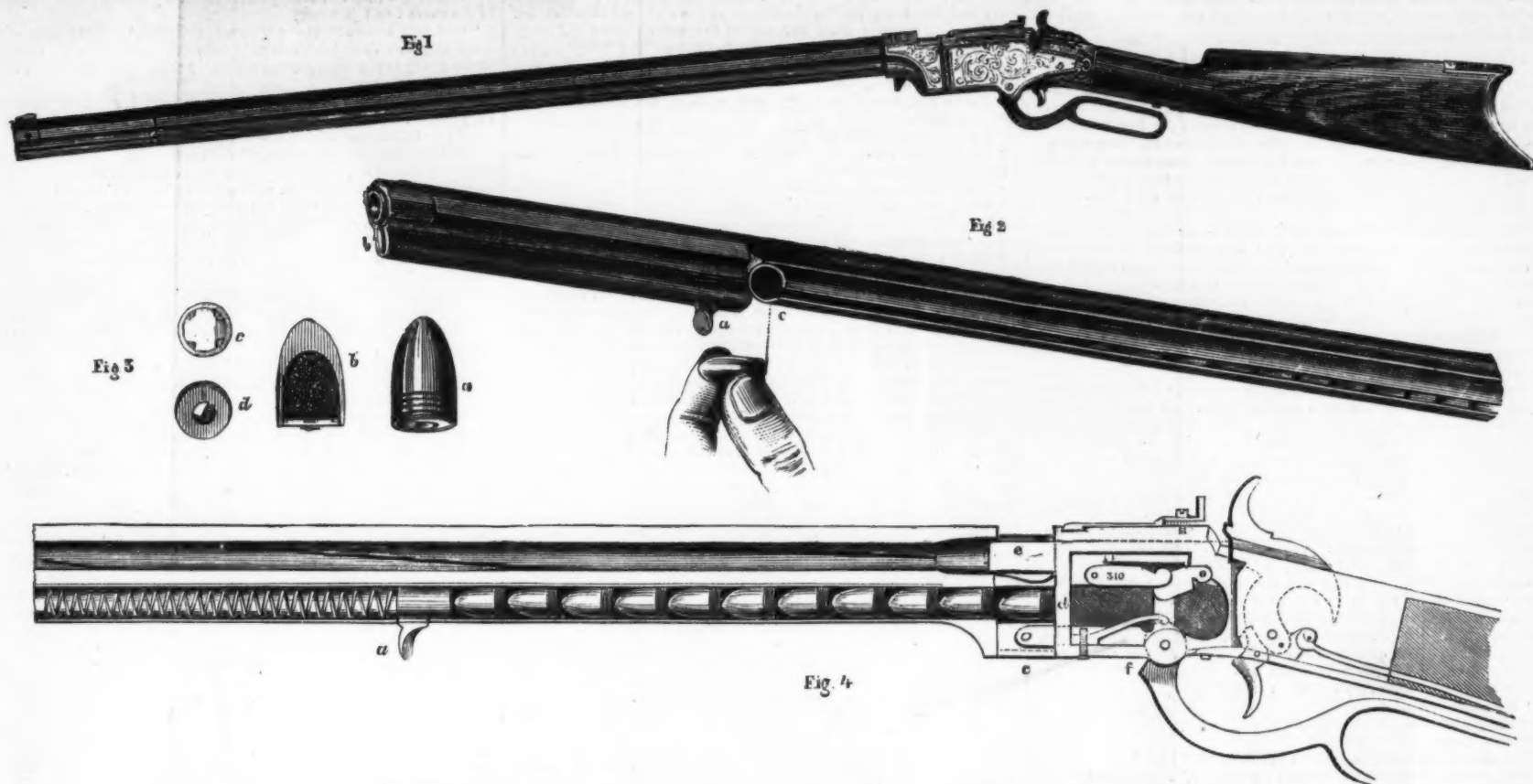


DIAGRAM OF THE VOLCANIC REPEATING RIFLE, MANUFACTURED BY THE NEW HAVEN ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN. FIGURES 1, 2, 3 AND 4.

THE VOLCANIC REPEATING RIFLE.

In this age of constant invention and improvement, few branches of manufactures have received so much attention as that of weapons of destruction. A glance at the list of patents periodically issued convinces one that a greater amount of ingenuity is lavished on the means of curtailing life than on contrivances of an opposite order. In fact, the innovation in destructive weapons appears almost endless. Five years ago the Minié rifle had been scarcely heard of in the United States, and already we have grown to consider it an obsolete firearm. Two years ago it was thought that no rifle could equal the Sharpe's, and already that has been superseded by another and more valuable

and a diploma at the fair of the American Institute in 1857. A case of these arms is now exhibited at the Fair in the Crystal Palace, where their novel construction and capabilities attract numbers of inquiries. The arms are already extensively exported to South America, Cuba, California and Oregon, as well as to France and Spain. The following description will render our diagrams of this admirable weapon comprehensible:

Fig. 1 represents the entire gun.
Fig. 2 represents part of the barrel. The spiral spring is pushed upwards to the sectional point of the sleeve on the end of the barrel, which is turned off sideways, throwing open the mouth of the tube. The ball is being dropped in.
Fig. 3 represents the ammunition; a, external appearance of the ball, natural size; b, section of ball, powder and cap seen; c and d, cap.
Fig. 4. Section of the rifle at rest. The spiral spring at a moves the balls downwards; b, balls in barrel; c, carrier-box which contains the ball.
Fig. 5. Section of mechanism; a, the carrier lever, swung forward, bringing up the carrier-box to level of the barrel; g, spring fixing it; f, needle, which is drawn back by action of b and c, cocking the gun at the same time; m, spring keeping hammer in position; o, trigger.
Fig. 6. Lever a is closed upon the line x (Fig. 5), and the process of closing drives forward the needle f, propelling the ball a from the carrier-box into the barrel. The box b drops into its first position, and by pulling the trigger e the hammer d strikes the needle at c, which perforates the cap at f, and discharges the gun.

The squad of police sent down to Staten Island during the Quarantine riots were armed with these weapons to the extent of some eighty or ninety rifles and forty pistols. We should judge that for police purposes and as cavalry carbines these volcanic firearms can have no competitor, and the pistols are undoubtedly superior to anything yet produced. Their water-proof qualities render them especially desirable for the use of travellers and in the navy. A good shot will hit a quarter of a dollar at eighty yards with one of the navy pistols.

SINCE 1844 the number of immigrants arrived in the ports of the United States has been 3,907,018—a respectable nation. The greatest number in one year was in 1854—460,474.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT:
A TALE OF LIFE'S CHANCES AND CHANGES.

CHAPTER I.

I was one day walking in Broadway; walking, as usual, not on business, but just to gaze, with an earnest eye and a sympathetic heart, on that ever changing and ever interesting panorama of poverty and wealth, deformity and beauty, humility and pride.

At a little distance before me my attention was arrested by a group of children—beggars children, as I imagined. They attracted me particularly, because, among them, there was a little girl of such rare beauty as I have not often seen. Always especially alive to human beauty, considering it a blessing from Heaven—though often turned, like other blessings, to a curse—I stood stock-still, and gazed upon her unperceived.

She was very ragged, yet her rags were clean and hung most gracefully upon her. Her eyes, of a deep, mottled blue, were dancing with animation as she looked, first at one and then at another, of her companions, to whom she seemed to be relating some amusing anecdote. Occasionally she threw back her head with a hearty laugh and revealed a mouth of surpassing loveliness, garnished with a regular row of small white, polished teeth, and her tangled ringlets of exuberant dark brown hair clustered over such a forehead, and adorned, even in their disorder, such a head as we see in pictures by the old masters of the holy child, Jesus. She was apparently about eight years old.

A mischievous member of the group had been teasing my little beauty for some time, pinching her, pulling her hair and performing

various other little experiments upon the equanimity of her companion. These she bore for some time with exemplary patience; but I could perceive, from her heightened color and from certain demonstrations of impatience, that her anger was rising, and, finally, I was startled and shocked to see the beautiful expression of her countenance change to one of unmitigated fury, and then suddenly she dealt to the offender such a blow as sent her reeling off the pavement, and she fell prostrate on the stones of the street.

I was there in a moment. By the time I had raised her and applied my handkerchief to her bleeding nose—for she was not otherwise injured—the whole party, herself excepted, had scattered in every direction. And while I was preparing to question the injured child about my passionate little beauty, she also, finding herself alone, darted suddenly away, and left me standing there, minus my handkerchief, but feeling annoyed, above all, at losing my vision of loveliness; for even in her fury she was beautiful.

I thought about her at intervals all that day and dreamed about her at night. The next day I resolved to spare no pains to find her, that I might save her from ruin, if it were possible; for I well knew that such beauty, in such a city and under such circumstances as appeared to surround her, would prove to their possessor a terrible snare.

The next day I took my usual Broadway walk, and though I saw a variety of things, all bringing to my mind a volume of philosophical reflections, I drove these thoughts away, and gazed earnestly in every direction for my angel of beauty, destined, as I seriously feared, to become a fallen angel. I returned home disappointed, for she was nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE few objects of interest in this life, and the search for this child became with me a passion. In the cool of every evening I hung about the neighborhood where I had seen her, until, I verily fear, I became myself an object of suspicion; for I noticed that old ladies with elaborate headgear, young ladies with bare arms and necks of dazzling whiteness, and even little children, with their innocent smiles, gazed at me from the windows, as if I had been a show. Above all, the whiskered, smirking, self-sufficient clerks belonging to the neighboring stores began to notice me, as though they imagined that I had some sinister design upon that vicinity. But I did not care; I was doing nobody any harm, and I was determined to find my beauty if I could.

At length, one day, I saw her at a distance; and trembling with anxiety lest, on the one hand, I should alarm her by too sudden an approach, or, on the other, lose sight of her before I could get near enough to speak, I went onward, dodging amid the crowd of pedestrians, so as to keep her always in view. She was surrounded, as before, by a group of young companions, listening eagerly to something she was saying. They seemed in no haste to leave the spot, for the little girl—my girl—took her seat upon a doorstep, and they clustered round her.

Sure of her now, I stopped a moment to reconnoitre and arrange my plan of action. But my caution cost me dear; for one of the party, happening to observe me as I gazed earnestly at the child, with mouth and eyes wide open, perhaps, touched her on the shoulder and pointed at me. She was on her feet in an instant, gazing

Fig. 6.

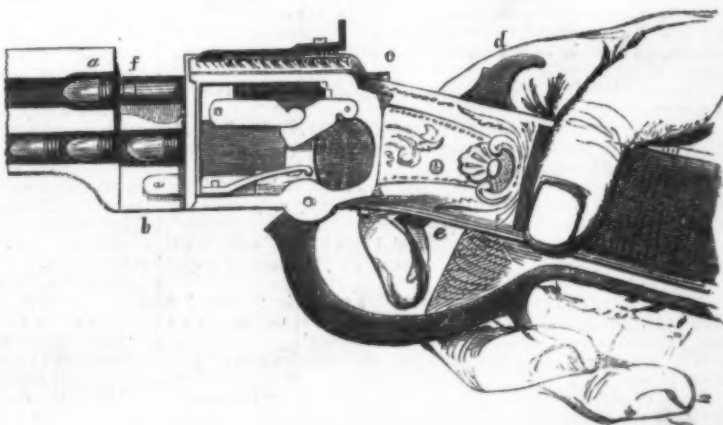


DIAGRAM OF THE VOLCANIC REPEATING RIFLE. FIG. 6.

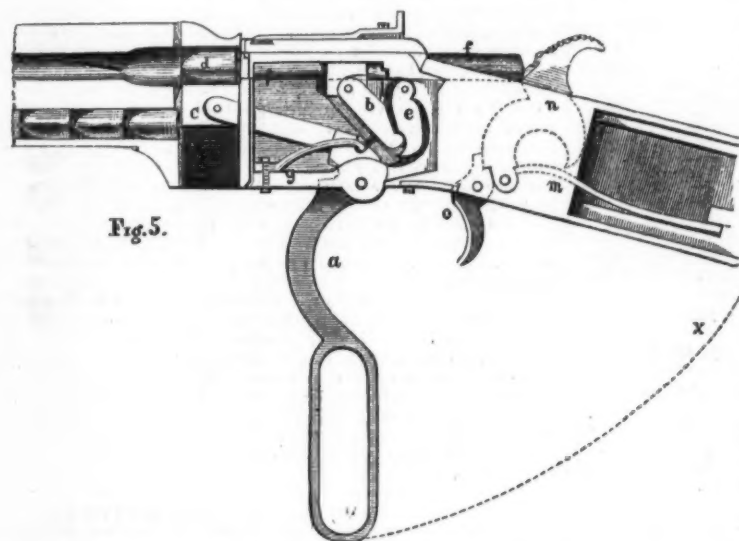


DIAGRAM OF THE VOLCANIC REPEATING RIFLE. FIG. 5.

invention. It would scarcely seem, indeed, that the march of improvement can be carried far in advance of the firearm that we engrave. It combines every quality requisite in such a weapon, with many advantages which no similar invention has yet succeeded in attaining. It is placed beyond all competition by the rapidity of its execution. Thirty shots can be fired in less than one minute—a really marvellous rapidity, in which it far outdoes the best revolving firearms yet produced. Its ammunition has the advantage of compactness, lightness, and of being water-proof. As will be seen in our diagram, the entire charge consists in a bullet of the Minié pattern, in which both charge and priming are contained, and of which sixty weigh only one pound. What an improvement upon the heavy cartridge or powder-flask that it has hitherto been necessary to carry! The balls may be soaked in water with perfect impunity, and can be kept any length of time or in any climate, without losing their explosive force; nor can they be exploded by contact with flame.

One of the principal recommendations of the Volcanic repeating rifle is its safety from accidental discharge, as, while the magazine (a tube running the whole length of the barrel), may be filled with balls, and thus the gun, in fact, be loaded from breech to muzzle, it is yet impossible, from any carelessness in handling, to discharge it. Its construction is simple and its workmanship most perfect, hence it is not easily got out of repair.

The manufacture of these firearms—of which several sizes, as well pistols as rifles, are produced—was commenced in 1855, and is now carried on by the New Haven Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., where a large factory is established, employing, on an average, some fifty hands. The depot of the company, a very handsome store, is at No. 267 Broadway, New York.

The volcanic arms, wherever exhibited, have attracted great attention, and have been extensively rewarded with premiums. A diploma was awarded to them at the Indiana State Fair, Indianapolis; a premium and diploma at the St. Louis Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition; a silver cup at the North Carolina State Fair, at Raleigh, N. C.; a diploma by the Charleston Exhibition; a gold medal by the Connecticut State Fair of 1856,

on me with a suspicious look; then, as I took a step or two towards her, she threw open her arms, and scattering her companions on either side, darted away like a frightened fawn, the rest following as fast as they could scamper. It was of no use to follow them. I was baffled again.

CHAPTER III.

My second observation of the child impressed me with a more fervent admiration of her beauty than I had before. I thought of her day and night, and many a brilliant scheme for her education and future well-being passed through my excited mind. I mentioned her to nobody; because, in the first place, I am rather a lonely being; and in the second, I feared that some one else might take a fancy to the child, and win her from her parents by a higher bid than I could make.

What we seek for, and cannot find, often comes to us at an unexpected moment. One afternoon, as I was walking disconsolately along, and thinking about my unapproachable beauty, I heard the strains of a hand-organ. I always follow this sound, for I love to watch the countenances of the crowd of children who are sure to be collected together; and besides, I am childish and simple enough to think that some of them make very sweet music. But I do not like to see the monkey, which seems too much like a caricature upon poor humanity.

Well, after fumbling in my pockets for pennies, I joined the merry crowd—myself the veriest child among them; and there—O joyful sight!—I beheld my little girl so entirely absorbed in the music and the gambols of the monkey, that she appeared to have relaxed her usual vigilance. Taking a circuitous route, I stole softly up behind her, and stooping down, began to speak in her ear in the kindest tones I could command. She started, looked up into my face, and immediately prepared to run; but I held her fast, trying at the same time to soothe and reassure her. She struggled and screamed, crying, "Don't let him take me!" and I really feared that she would raise a mob, and that I might find it difficult to account for the part I was acting. Still I held her fast, and finally gained her attention long enough to tell her that I was her friend, and only wanted to do her good. She ceased to struggle, pushed her hair back from her forehead, and after gazing for a moment into my face, suffered her little hand to remain quietly in mine. I drew her quite away from the crowd before I began to question her.

"What is your name, my child?" I said.

"My name is Mary."

"Mary what?"

"Only Mary."

"And why did you always run away from me?" I asked.

"They have stolen me twice from my mother," she replied, "and I thought you were going to take me again."

"Stolen you?" I said; "who did it?"

"Mother says I must not tell."

"Will you take me to see your mother?"

She hesitated. "My mother is sick," she said, at length; "and, besides, she would not like to see a stranger." Then, as if fearing she had wounded me, she continued, looking up into my face, "But you are not like them; oh, you are so different! They come and scold her, and frighten her to death." I noticed that the child spoke with wonderful purity, and that both her articulation and intonations had been formed from a good model.

She appeared to be revolving the subject in her mind, and I would not interrupt her, though I felt strongly inclined to urge my petition that she would conduct me to her mother. Sometimes a bright idea would seem to strike her, and she would turn her beautiful eyes up to mine, while her lips would part as if about to speak; then a cloud would pass over her features, and shaking her head slightly, she would sigh and look down again. I felt certain that she was no common child, for, apart from her extreme beauty, there was about her something wonderfully interesting and refined.

At length she seemed to have decided the question somewhat to our mutual satisfaction; for, giving me a significant smile, and quietly slipping her hand into mine, she said, "Come!" and drew me along at a rapid pace.

CHAPTER IV.

It is astonishing what dismal dens of poverty and suffering are to be found almost within a stone's throw of some of the lordly palaces of this great city. A very few moments brought us to little Mary's home, and a miserable one it was.

Stopping at a little gate which opened into a low, muddy and filthy yard, she entered, drawing me after her, and ran along, sideways, on a single board, which had been laid down by some public-spirited individual, till finally our progress was arrested by an enormous mud puddle. She withdrew her hand from mine, and I stepped to lift her over, when, carefully holding in each hand her clean though ragged garments, she sprang across with surprising agility, and then stood smiling at my awkward attempts to avoid sinking ankle deep in the mud.

We were now at the door of a large, dilapidated wooden building. It was a double house, with a wide entry running through its whole length, in which, as we entered, swarms of children were playing, who stopped, and stood, in picturesque groups, to gaze upon us. Mary was evidently a general favorite, for I could not help perceiving the smile and look of welcome which were bestowed upon her, while I was greeted with looks of mingled curiosity and suspicion. Her evident confidence in me, however, soon spread itself to them, and they began to regard me with more friendly eyes.

Mary went softly up stairs and I followed. Arrived on the second floor, she stopped before one of the doors, and, saying to me, in a low tone, "You wait here, if you please," she softly turned the latch and went in, closing the door after her.

I had not long to wait. Presently the door opened again, and Mary appeared, leading, just as she had before led me, a very old lady, poorly but cleanly dressed, with a dark mild eye and a very benevolent countenance. She raised her spectacles, looked searchingly at me for a moment, and then extended her hand, shook mine, and invited me into her room. I entered, and was struck with the air of gentility which pervaded everything in that abode of apparently extreme poverty. There was but one chair in the room, and that she insisted upon my taking, and then seated herself upon a low chest, with Mary by her side.

We all sat silent for a moment, neither knowing how to open a conversation. The old lady looked at me, and at Mary, and then she smoothed down her apron, and folded her hands quietly upon her lap. I was wondering whether, by any unaccountable freak of nature, she could be little Mary's mother, when Mary herself began to speak.

"Grandmother," said she, "this is the gentleman who wishes to see my mother."

"I would like very much to see your daughter, madam," I said, "for your little grand-daughter here—"

The old lady interposed.

"You are under a mistake, sir," she said; "little Mary and her mother are no relations of mine—the little thing only calls me grandmother because—because—"

"Because she is so good to me and I love her so," eagerly exclaimed Mary, turning to me, "and because my poor mother would die if it were not for her!"

"Hush, little Mary!" said the old lady, playfully putting her hand over the mouth of the child, "hush, child! God knows we ought to help one another in this sorrowful world!"

Mary had, meanwhile, risen to her feet, and now stood directly in front of me.

"Don't mind grandmother," she said, "she's better than everybody in this world, excepting my mother. She takes care of my sick mother, and she hides me away when he comes, and she finds me when I'm stolen."

"What does the child mean?" I inquired of the old lady; "she seems to be haunted by a fear of being stolen."

"And well she may be, sir," replied the old lady; "and, if it were not necessary for the poor child to have air and exercise, her mother would never trust her out of her sight. It's a sad story, sir, and I don't know whether I ought to tell you, but Mary begged me so hard to let you come in that I could not refuse her. She said she knew you were good."

"Thank you, Mary," said I, "I mean nothing but kindness to you and your mother."

"I knew that, I knew that," she answered.

"Go and stay with your mother, Mary," said the old lady, "while I talk with the gentleman."

"And will you bring him to see my mother?" said Mary.

"We'll see about it," was the answer.

When Mary was gone, the old lady smoothed down her apron—it was a habit of hers—and began the following narrative:

"Mary and her mother were brought to this house, three years ago, by a bad-looking though handsome man. They had rented the room next to mine. The mother was a sweet-looking creature, but very frail, and two or three nights after they came she was taken desperately ill. I went in and offered my services to nurse her, and the husband, speaking with a foreign accent, thanked me civilly enough. But I had not been about them many hours before I discovered that he was a regular tyrant and treated his poor wife very badly. I suppose he must have been in liquor, for he said things he ought not to have said before a stranger. Among other things, he said that if she was going to be too sick to work for him, he would take himself off, but he would be sure to take Mary with him. Then she would beg and plead till it would almost break my heart to hear her. Such treatment made her grow worse and worse, till finally he told her that he was going to start for California the next day, and that Mary's clothes must be got together and put into his trunk."

"I shall never forget that night. It was as much as I could do to keep life in the poor mother, but it never softened the brute one bit; he still insisted on it that Mary should go. Young as Mary was, not more than six years old, she understood all about it—for she's a wonderful child, sir—and clung to her mother with a frantic vehemence, which seemed only to make him more determined. When the mother was calm enough to hear me, I found a chance to whisper in her ear that Mary should not go if I could help it, and I thought I could. This seemed to soothe her a little."

"He went out early in the morning, and I lost no time in putting my plan into execution. I took Mary from the house, and hid her where I knew he would not find her, and then went back to the poor mother as soon as I could. He had not yet returned. When he did come, and found that Mary was gone, oh what a storm! I suppose he had been drinking again, but he was like a fiend! He raged and he thundered. But it's of no use to try to tell you anything about it."

"But, thank Heaven! he had to go in an hour or two, or lose his passage, and so we got rid of him. By this time I had got to loving Mary's mother like an own child; and, indeed, she always put me in mind of my own dead Mary."

"Well, after the brute was gone the wife began slowly to recover. We put our little stock together, and got along somehow, but poorly enough. She does a little washing, and so do I, and we knit socks in winter; but it's hard work to live. The neighbors tell her if she would only let Mary beg she would get enough, but she won't listen to that. Mary used to sell matches and other little things, and she did well at it; but since they've stolen her twice, she only lets her go out for a few minutes at a time, and tells Mary to keep a strict watch, and to run away if she sees anybody looking hard at her."

"And so she did," said I. "I had hard work to catch her. But you say she stole her twice; how was that?"

"She was taken twice in the street by men who told her that her father had sent for her; the first time she managed to slip off and run home; and the second time I found her, the Lord only knows how, and brought her back. The men used to visit her father."

"Do you suppose her father really sent for her?"

"There's no telling. They've got a way of stealing children in New York, especially pretty ones; and Mary is pretty enough to satisfy anybody."

"I think," said I, with enthusiasm, "that, take her altogether, face and figure, she is the most perfect thing I ever saw."

"Ain't she?" said the old lady, with equal enthusiasm. "So the poor mother watches everybody who enters the gate, for fear they've come for Mary, and I dare say she's dying now to know your errand. And that's the reason little Mary brought you in here first. She wanted me to question you, though you seem to have gained her heart, as you have mine; for I see it in your face, young man, that you mean nothing but good to us all."

"Thank you, madam," said I; "you have rightly judged me, and that is what I cannot say of everybody. I find my best motives often misconstrued, and my best actions often misunderstood."

"I've no doubt of it," said she.

"I would like," said I, "to put Mary to school, and bring her up as my own child; but that father of hers is terribly in my way. I have property, and I shall never marry; and I've taken a fancy to the child. At any rate, I would like to talk with her mother about it."

"And so you shall, sir. God bless your kind heart!" exclaimed the old lady.

CHAPTER V.

SHE ushered me into a small room, where Mary sat by her mother's side, her eyes dancing with expectation and delight. Mary's mother was a born lady, if there ever was one. My interest in Mary touched her heart; and, after brushing away a few silent tears, she overcame her emotion, and we had a long and interesting conversation, the result of which was that Mary was to be sent to a first-rate school as soon as she could be provided with suitable clothes. About the future we were to be guided by circumstances.

I was obliged to go out of town for a week, and left money with Mary's mother, with a request that all might be ready when I returned; and, taking the little girl in my lap, there passed between us such an embrace as an affectionate father would bestow on a beloved and only daughter. And then I left them.

When I returned, my first care was to seek my sweet little Mary. With eager steps I walked the crowded thoroughfare of Broadway, seeing nothing around me, and nearly upsetting, in my haste, several of the gentler sex, who were walking rather insecurely in their high-heeled gaiters; and being, in my turn, several times nearly prostrated by getting my awkward feet entangled in the trailing dresses and enormous hoops of fashionable damsels.

At length I reached my destination, and danced through the muddy yard like a boy just escaped from school. Mounting the rickety stairs, two at a time, I finally reached the door of the room. It was locked. I knocked for admittance, but, after knocking again and again, received no answer. Applying my eye to the key-hole I saw that the room was deserted, for there was only a vacant space where the poor old bedstead had formerly stood. A feeling of dismay and heartfelt disappointment came over me, and I stood for a moment irresolute, till finally I thought of the old lady, and instantly sought her chamber.

There also, for some time, I knocked in vain; but just as I was turning away with a heavy heart, uncertain what course to pursue, I heard a feeble voice say, "Come in."

"The door is locked!" I cried; "I can't come in."

A slow and heavy step approached the door and opened it. It was the old lady herself who opened the door, but she was so changed, and looked so careworn and haggard, that I could scarcely believe my eyes. She shook her head when she saw me, tottered to the chest and sat down, motioning me to the lonely chair, which, with her native politeness, she still resigned to me.

She sat rocking herself to and fro, and seemed in no haste to open the conversation, which was at length done by me.

"Where are they?" I said, pointing with my thumb in the direction of the room I had just left.

"God only knows!" she answered, shaking her head again, "he came and took them both away. I didn't think anything on this side of the grave could have shaken me so. I thought my affections were all buried long ago."

"Your affections can never be entirely buried, my dear madam," I replied, "and it is well for yourself and for others that it is so. But can't you tell me something about my little Mary?"

"Not a thing, sir; not a thing," she answered; "he baffled all my attempts to find out where he was going, and he kept a strict watch over Mary, I tell you! Once, when he was vexed with his wife, I overheard him saying, 'When I get you to California I'll cure you of all your tantrums!' I suppose he's carried them there, but I don't think his poor wife will ever live to reach there, and God knows it would be well for her if she didn't; but then what is to become of poor little Mary?"

I sighed, but looked down and said nothing.

"Perhaps, after all," she continued, "they are still in New York. It takes money to be moving a family about, and I don't see how he can get it."

"He has ways enough, probably," said I.

"Well, yes, I suppose so," she said; "but still it is possible they may not have started."

"Yes, it is possible, certainly," I replied; "and you may rest assured I shall use every means to discover them, for I never had my heart so set on anything in my life as it is on that child."

"Well, sir, Heaven help and bless you in your search!" fervently exclaimed the old lady; and I as fervently, though not as audibly, added an "Amen."

I left the good old soul with an assurance that I would provide for all her wants as long as she lived, and that I would be sure to inform her instantly of any discoveries I might make. "Oh, the luxury of doing good!"

I set to work immediately and had inquiries made in every direction. I advertised in every paper, in such a way as to excite the curiosity of the father should the advertisement meet his eye. But day after day and week after week rolled away, and still I had no tidings of the child. I became nervous and excitable; some strong and unaccountable spell was upon me, some strange sympathy seemed to link her fate with mine. I felt certain that I should one day find her, but I trembled to think what might be her sufferings, temptations and dangers in the meanwhile. A hundred times I thought myself on the point of finding her, but was as often disappointed. I was scolded, teased, laughed at for what was called my strange infatuation, but I made a solemn vow that I would find and rescue that child if it were possible to do so, and I felt willing to risk my fortune and even my life in the attempt.

CHAPTER VI.

My friends could not account for the extreme sadness which oppressed me after I lost sight of the beautiful vision which had for so short a period brightened my solitary path. Somehow or other she had seemed to be connected with the past—the cheerful, happy past. I had experienced the same feeling before, but never with such intensity. A word, a look, a tree, a flower, aye, even things more trivial, had often seemed to awaken memories of bygone things, their connection with which I could not perceive; but the presence of that child had seemed to connect me most intimately and mysteriously with former days and scenes—had brought back the freshness of childhood to my weary, withered heart. And now that I had lost her I felt more than ever alone.

As the winter advanced my health began to decline. I shrank from the bracing air of the streets and shut myself up in my comfortable apartments with my books, my pipe—don't start, fair reader, I smoke a pipe!—and my own sad thoughts. I had my peculiar enjoyments, too, but what they were I will not mention; they were matters between myself and the bountiful Giver of all good things.

One day I had a visit from my good physician. Yes, that was one of my sources of enjoyment, the visits of that pure-minded, kind-hearted man. While ministering to my failing body he was a faithful physician to my moral nature, which, God knows, needed just such help. For, what right had I to be so sad and solitary? He would patiently sit and tell me what he had seen since we last met, and I would often feel ashamed that I had ever dared to repine at my own lot. He felt that he belonged to the great brotherhood of man, and he made me feel so too; and then I learned to bless my sufferings.

Early in January he told me I must travel southward. I resisted with all my might, but his will was stronger than mine, and I was obliged to go. I joined a party of male friends who were about starting for Charleston, intending ultimately to reach Florida, and there to remain for the rest of the winter. Among these friends of mine was one whom I shall designate as Harry Vernon, a rollicking, rattle-brained sort of a fellow, several years my senior, though it would have been difficult to convince others of the fact. Notwithstanding his apparent light-heartedness, there was an under-current of the deepest feeling; indeed, I sometimes thought that gay and jocund manner was a mask he wore to conceal a wounded heart. In early life he had loved a dear and only sister of mine; she preferred another, and he never recovered from the disappointment. Marrying never seemed to enter into his calculations, and he watched over me with the most affectionate and untiring devotion. The other two members of our travelling party were brothers, Horace and Charley Maxwell.

CHAPTER VII.

We took the land route from New York through Washington and Richmond. I had never before visited the South, and after leaving Washington was soon forcibly struck with the vast difference between northern and southern scenery and habits. The weather was delightful too, our fellow-travellers good-humored and accommodating, and my health began sensibly to improve.

But as we approached Weldon the weather suddenly changed and it began to snow. Like most invalids I am a complete barometer, my spirits usually rising and falling with the changes of the weather; but, thank God, I am blessed with warm human sympathies, and I had become deeply interested in the movements of a small party who had taken the cars at Richmond. There was a hale, hearty-looking old gentleman apparently about sixty years of age, whose long, thin hair, curling a little, and slightly tinged with gray, reached nearly to his shoulders, and imparted quite a venerable air to his otherwise jolly countenance. Two sweet little girls were with him, his grandchildren apparently, so exactly of a size, and so closely resembling one another, that I at once knew them to be twins. Their old nurse, a fat, comfortable-looking negro woman, was, to my my northern eyes, not the least interesting of the group.

A tall, slim, sour-looking individual, though not of the immediate party, seemed to be in some way related to, or very intimate with them. A pensive-looking girl sat next him, apparently about eighteen years of age; whether she was his daughter, sister or wife, I had not been able to discover. On the seat before him sat a bright, impulsive, dark-eyed boy, who called him uncle; and they were attended by a fine-looking young mulatto man.

The two little girls appeared equally to love their old grandfather, and their old black mommer. I occupied my favorite seat, the last one in the last car, and this party of four—for southern people do not seem to occupy the same seat with a negro—were just before me; and in front of them sat the others whom I have mentioned.

The old black woman had a habit of talking to herself, and, whenever the train stopped, she amused me highly. The sour gentleman was evidently her peculiar aversion. I was not long in discovering that she and the young mulatto were on very confidential

terms. He called her "Aunt Dido," but whether she was really his aunt, or whether the title was one of mere respect, I am not able to say.

After it began to snow, I remained in the cars whenever they stopped. So did the children and servants; and then Aunt Dido and George, the mulatto, generally carried on a gossiping conversation, very much to my amusement and edification. The old gentleman and the sour one almost always got out—the former to purchase cakes and candy for his little pets, and the latter apparently from pure restlessness.

On one of these occasions, when the pensive young lady had left her seat and was looking out of the further door, I overheard the following conversation:

"Aunt Dido," said George, "doesn't you feel uncommon sorry for that there noddard young lady?"

"Dat I does, honey—yes, dat I does. I sorry for any ob de Lord's creators what's got in Mass' Gibbin's hands!"

"Then you're sorry for me, too, Aunt Dido?"

"Oh, George! you is a man, an' massa ain't gwine let 'em mistreat you not very bad; 'cos you b'long to Mass' Ned, an' Mass' Ned dah he own gran'chile; but dat dey young ting, he'll suffer, an' suffer, an' not say nuttin' 'tall 'bout it, no more'n one ob de Lord's parsecutin' saints. I've seen dem kin' o' blessed creators befor'; Mass' Ned's own mudder was one ob dem. Jes' as if keepin' school for dem wild childun wasn't 'nuff, de poor young ting mus' hab dat Satan for worrit 'em in de bargain! Oh Lord! what a worl' dis is, please de Farrer!"

George acquiesced plainly in all this, for he made no reply, but kept looking straight out of the window, with his arms crossed upon his breast, and nodding affirmatively for some time after Aunt Dido ceased speaking.

"Aunt Dido," said George, at length, "set your mind at rest. She shan't be mistreated if I can help it."

"An' how kin you help it?" inquired Dido.

"Why, this way, Aunt Dido; I'll watch Mass' Gibbins and I'll watch Miss Dora, and I'm sure, I can find out if the poor ting's unhappy in her mind."

"Well, an' what den?"

"Well, Aunt Dido, you see, if I find out there's any cause for it, I'll go and tell old massa."

"An' you tink he gwine listen to you?"

"Certainly, of course he will; old massa has a great respect for me, Aunt Dido."

"I know dat, George, honey; but den, you know, massa don't like tattlin', an' he don't like niggers for to be carryin' between white folks. But den, 'pon de oder han', he seem bery fond ob Miss Dora, an', as for dese yere two childun, dey lubs de bery groun' she walks on; an' besides dat, massa done know dat ole Satan too much! Oh, Massa Gibbin too mean, dat he is; he meaner'n nigger, any time. Yere come your gran'pa, childun, an', please de Farrer, he bring more cake! He gwine kill you childun befor' we git to Charleston. Mek room, childun, mek room for you gran'pa."

The gentlemen and others were soon seated, and we started off again. I gathered from the foregoing conversation and others that I had overheard, that the pensive girl, whose name was Dora, or probably Theodora, was a Yankee girl, going South as a teacher; that the name of the bright-looking lad was Ned, and that George was his property; and I especially gathered that the sour-looking gentleman was not in very good odor with anybody. I would have sworn to that fact before.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was not long before we stopped again, and this time it was for wood. It was certainly a desolate-looking spot; there was nothing to be seen but tall pine trees whitened by the snow, which now fell thick and fast: not a house was visible, not even the meanest hut. For some distance along the road the pine wood had been corded and left ready for the use of the cars as they passed along several times each day. I took one look at the desolate scene, and, as no one attempted to leave the cars, and I knew I should be treated to no more spicy conversations just at that juncture, I once more buried my head in my ample collar of fur, and resumed the perusal of a most absorbing railroad novel, which I had that morning purchased.

A basket of poor, gnarled, withered apples was thrust almost into my lap, but I shook my head impatiently without raising my eyes, and the apple vendor passed on, while I eagerly drank in the details of my blood and murder story. The weather was making me desperate.

"Bring these apples here, girl!" sang out the sour-faced gentleman, Mr. Gibbons.

She went to him, and I heard nothing more for a moment. "Here, little girl! here, little girl!" now sounded from two or three quarters. I began to feel interested, and raised my head. The girl's back was turned towards me, but I could see that she was growing impatient, and once or twice she attempted to draw away the basket and pass on. But Mr. Gibbons held the basket tightly with one hand, while with the other he took up one apple after another, and slowly examined them. The precious time was slipping away, and the poor girl was losing her chance for a sale. I could see that Aunt Dido was boiling over with rage.

"Let um go, Mass' Gibbin!" at length she exclaimed; "let um go, if you ent gwine buy none he apple!"

"Mind your own business, Dido, will you?" said Mr. Gibbons, still cautiously examining the apples, and making various disparaging remarks about them. Dido "sucked her teeth" with great energy, and continued muttering, "Good for nuttin! Mean debbil! meaner'n nigger!"

The girl was now endeavoring to pull away the basket, but Gibbons still held it tightly.

"Don't be in a hurry, girl," said he, "can't you wait till I find some apples fit to eat?"

The child seemed not to be able to speak, for I distinctly heard a sob from under the long sun-bonnet with which she studiously endeavored to conceal her face. I, for one, was getting wrathful, and I could perceive that others were in the same predicament; and several of us had thrust our hands in our pockets, and had small pieces of money between our fingers, ready to buy the poor girl's apples, if the diabolical Mr. Gibbons would only give us a chance.

"For shame, Gibbons!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "if you are not going to buy any yourself, let the child go. Here, little girl, I'll buy your apples."

"One minute! one minute!" exclaimed the persevering Mr. Gibbons, selecting one apple; "here, girl! what's the price of this?" And still he held on to the basket.

"It's a shame! it's a shame!" now resounded from several quarters; and two or three gentlemen, myself among the number, rose from their seats and approached the girl and her basket.

But just at that moment the cars began slowly to move. The little girl uttered a faint scream and snatched away her basket.

"Here! here! here! little girl!" and three or four hands were stretched out to offer her pieces of money, but the conductor had made his appearance, and was hurrying the poor child to the nearest door, to get her off while yet it was safe to make the effort. I turned to resume my seat, and had the pleasure of seeing Aunt Dido shaking her clenched fist at the narrow straight shoulders of Mr. Gibbons.

The little apple girl was got safely off the cars, and as soon as she reached the ground, as I could see from my window, she took a step or two, and then sank down on her knees in the snow, and buried her face in her hands.

"Here, little girl!" I hurriedly cried, and so did the good old gentleman in front of me, and we each threw to her a piece of silver. One of them struck her hand, and caused her to look up. Her hair had fallen over her face, but she hastily pushed it back,

and dashed away the blinding tears from her eyes—and as those eyes met mine, I saw—good Heavens!—could it be!

I leaned so far out of the window as the car began to tear me away, that Harry Vernon pulled me forcibly back; but I saw enough to convince me that the little apple girl was no other than the lovely child for whom I had so long been seeking, and whom I had now lost again, perhaps for ever.

(To be continued.)

THE CAPTIVE'S RETURN.

By Adelaide Anne Proctor, Daughter of Barry Cornwall.

(This poem is founded upon a fact in the life of a sailor, who, when a young man, was taken prisoner by the Algerines. Escaping some ten years afterwards, he finds, upon revisiting his native village, that his wife had married another, and that his only child was dead. There is a force and simplicity in Miss Proctor's poem worthy of Robert Browning.)

It was evening in late Autumn,
And the gusty wind blew chill;
Autumn leaves were falling round me,
And the red sun lit the hill.
Six-and-twenty years are vanished
Since then—I am old and gray—
But I never told to mortal
What I saw until this day.

She was seated by the fire,
In her arms she held a child,
Whispering baby-words caressing,
And then, looking up, she smiled;
Smiled on him who stood beside her—
Oh! the bitter truth was told
In her look of trusting fondness,
I had seen the look of old.

But she rose and turned toward me
(Cold and dumb I waited there),
With a shriek of fear and terror,
And a white face of despair.
He had been an ancient comrade—
Not a single word we said,
While we gazed upon each other,
He the living; I the dead!

I drew nearer, nearer to her,
And I took her trembling hand,
Looking on her white face, looking
That her heart might understand
All the love and all the pity
That my lips refused to say—
Thank God, no thought save sorrow
Rose in our crushed hearts that day.

Bitter tears and desolate moment;
Bitter, bitter tears we wept,
We three broken hearts together,
While the baby smiled and slept.
Tears alone—no words were spoken—
Till he—till her husband said
That my boy (I had forgotten
The poor child), that he was dead.

Then at last I rose; and, turning,
Wringing my hand, but made no sign;
And I stooped and kissed her forehead
Once more, as if she were mine,
Nothing of farewell I uttered,
Save in broken words to pray
That God in His great love would bless her—
Then in silence passed away.

Over the great restless ocean
For six-and-twenty years I roam;
All my comrades, old and weary,
Have gone back to die at home.
Home? yes, I shall reach a haven,
I, too, shall reach home and rest;
I shall find her waiting for me,
With our baby on her breast.

Utah.—The accounts from this Sodom of America are really disgraceful to us as a civilized people. Micreants like Brigham Young, Kimball and Orson Hyde, instead of being tried and hanged, or rather hanged first and tried afterwards, have sneaked back to their pest-houses, and hobnob with Governor Cummings. The President ought to have that man's conduct inquired into. There seems too much reason to suspect that he is one of the beastly herd himself. We notice the British Government have recovered one of their pentitent creatures, judging from the *Union*, which says: "Information has been received at the State Department that the young English girl taken from the Mormons by the United States Judge in Utah, has been sent, under proper protection, to the States. Lord Napier, or some other British authority, will undoubtedly take charge of her and send her home."

Well, may that excellent and independent paper, the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, put this searching question:

"Will not—ought not—the people of the Old World, who, at least, have learned to discriminate between reality and fiction, ask themselves whether there is such a thing as an American Government? We are continually telling Mr. John Bull that we are a great, enlightened, Christian people. We parade our morality before him; but he glances with his cold, searching eyes over the waters, and what does he see? Why, a Utah, with its pollution and infamy, under the same sunshine which lights, and the same civil constitution which protects, our happy homes of virtue and peace. He sees this intolerable outrage winked at, and its upholders laughing at laws and making light of rebuke."

Modern Education.—Our friend the Doctor has been puzzled lately. His daughter, a young lady of seventeen, is finishing her education at one of our first schools on the banks of the Hudson. Last week he received a letter from her, with a list of some school-books she would require. Among them was Davies' *Burdon*. What was the Doctor's astonishment to find that the work in question is a complete system of that abstruse science, Algebra! Now, it naturally puzzles him to know what earthly or heavenly use is Algebra to the fair dwellers in crinoline? Surely the time spent in this difficult study might be better bestowed in giving our future wives and mothers a knowledge of their practical duties in life. We should recommend even a course of study embracing the obsolete art of making pies, puddings, preserves and other useful things. Even darning stockings and sewing on buttons would be a judicious substitute for Algebra!

The fact is, the whole system of female education is fallacious. Our daughters are not taught to be good wives and exemplary mothers, but to be dashing ornaments to the fashionable hotels. Utility and even virtue are sacrificed to display, and the result is seen in our wifeless homes and unmothered children. Our young women are rapidly becoming butterflies of fashion, and not birds of Paradise.

The Atlantic Telegraph.—A Boston paper has the following far-fetched compliment to an American dramatist: "In a play by Cernelius Mathews, written seven or eight years ago, there are several passages which look like a prophecy of the electric cable, which is now exciting the wonder of both hemispheres."

"And flash on flash the tidings follow,
Till the pale earth reverberates."
In another place he speaks of an approaching time when the "Europe-born and new Amer.ca" shall

"Join hands about the earth, holding it,
Mother and fountain spirit to them all!"

The effect which such an event would have upon the press of the civilized world is described in the following passage:

"Whose eyes, unsleeping at the dead of night,
Looks on the secret heart of life, and counts
Its pulses to the morning sun; that all the world
May live in presence, eye, of all the world;
And brethren shake hands ten thousand miles apart."

Algerian Wines.—Several attempts have been made by the French to make Algeria a wine-growing colony. An English paper says:

"A good deal more noise is made of Algerian wines than they really deserve; for, like everything connected with that colony, they savor too much of artificial production. The great blunder committed by Algerian cultivators is the planting of foreign vines without a sufficient study of the peculiar soil and training which they may require. Thus we find in one single district cuttings from Spain, Portugal, France, Madeira, and even Italy. The results are also anything but satisfactory. Other drawbacks in the wine of this colony are the want of care in preparing it, and the fatal tendency of the cultivators to season it with aromatic substances. This sickening custom has been borrowed from Italy, where, I am sorry to say, even first growths are now no longer respected. To prove that my remarks on Algerian wines are not exaggerated, I will describe the result of an official examination of samples sent over to France, in order that an opinion should be recorded on their merits. Of thirty-two samples of white wine, twenty-three were rejected as containing foreign substances. The samples from Mascara were pronounced the best. Of thirty-four samples of red wine, not less than twenty-seven were rejected as sour or mixed. Wine of Bona (1857) was declared by the committee to be the 'least bad.' Some sweet wines from Mehanah possess merit, I am told; but a sample of Algerian 'Malaga,' which I once tasted, was peculiarly off-putting. In time the Algerian wines will doubtless improve; and the wine of 1857 is already an improvement of that of 1855."

Longworth has already shown what our country can do in the way of the finest wines.

THE NEW YORK STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM.

Of all the great social questions of the age few are more important or more contested than the subject of inebriation, its consequences, and its prevention or cure. The melancholy ravages of this fearful disease are brought more prominently before the public eye than any other physical or mental ill; yet the terrible fate that descends upon the inveterate drunkard seems powerless as a warning to the unhappy novice upon whom the spell of intoxication has fallen. In all ages moralists and philanthropists have striven to overcome this curse of civilized life; but in every age immoderation in pernicious indulgence has brought millions to dishonor, insanity and death. It is only in our own enlightened period, however, that the pathological characteristics of the inebriate have been subjected to analysis, classification and comparative illustration; and the result has been the discovery that inebriety is a true form of disease, and is capable of transmission and communication as well as scrofula or consumption. Dr. J. Edward Turner, of this city, has made the subject his especial study, and for the last twelve years has been actively employed in visiting the hospitals and insane asylums of this country and of Europe, in consulting with hundreds of medical men, and in obtaining statistics from which to verify or correct his observations. He has studied the pathology of inebriety in no less than two hundred and eighty-five subjects, exhibiting every form and tendency of the disease. The hereditary character of the terrible malady is shown in the mortality of children born of inebriate parents, and in the ulcerations of their stomachs, the induration of their brain, &c., to the same extent as is noticed in adults addicted for five or ten years to excess in the use of alcoholic beverages. The principle of inebriety, it is found, may lie dormant in the constitution of the victim for years, until the unknown appetite is suddenly developed by the application of an exciting cause. In such an instance the victim, on touching for the first time a glass of spirituous liquor, loses self-control to as great an extent as if he had been accustomed to alcoholic indulgence for a series of years. It is stated that more than forty per cent. of all the insanity, and fifty per cent. of all the idiocy in the United States may be traced to the inebriety of parents, whose offspring are born constitutionally idiotic or insane.

Impressed with the terrible nature of this disease, Dr. Turner has striven for years to secure the foundation of an asylum in which the treatment of inebriety might be carried on, and in which patients might be received and subjected to control. It has been considered probable that no less than eighty per cent. of the inebriates who now throng our streets and swell the calendar of vice and crime, could be treated with success in an asylum of the nature projected by Dr. Turner, who succeeded, after several years of effort, in which he was nobly seconded by great numbers of influential and respected citizens, in rendering his plan feasible, and in securing a charter from the State. The Legislature granted a charter in 1854, to which amendments were added in 1856 and 1857, incorporating the institution for fifty years, and empowering county authorities to place inebriates under the control of its superintendent. The charter further provided for the appointment of forty trustees, to be annually elected by the subscribers. Any person presenting ten dollars to the institution is to be deemed a subscriber and stockholder. Subscription lists having been opened, the sum of fifty thousand dollars was soon collected for the fund. Among the subscribers are the President and Cabinet, the State authorities, nearly one hundred judges, four hundred lawyers, ninety editors, four hundred clergymen, eight hundred physicians and fifteen hundred merchants. The following gentlemen constitute the first Board of Management:

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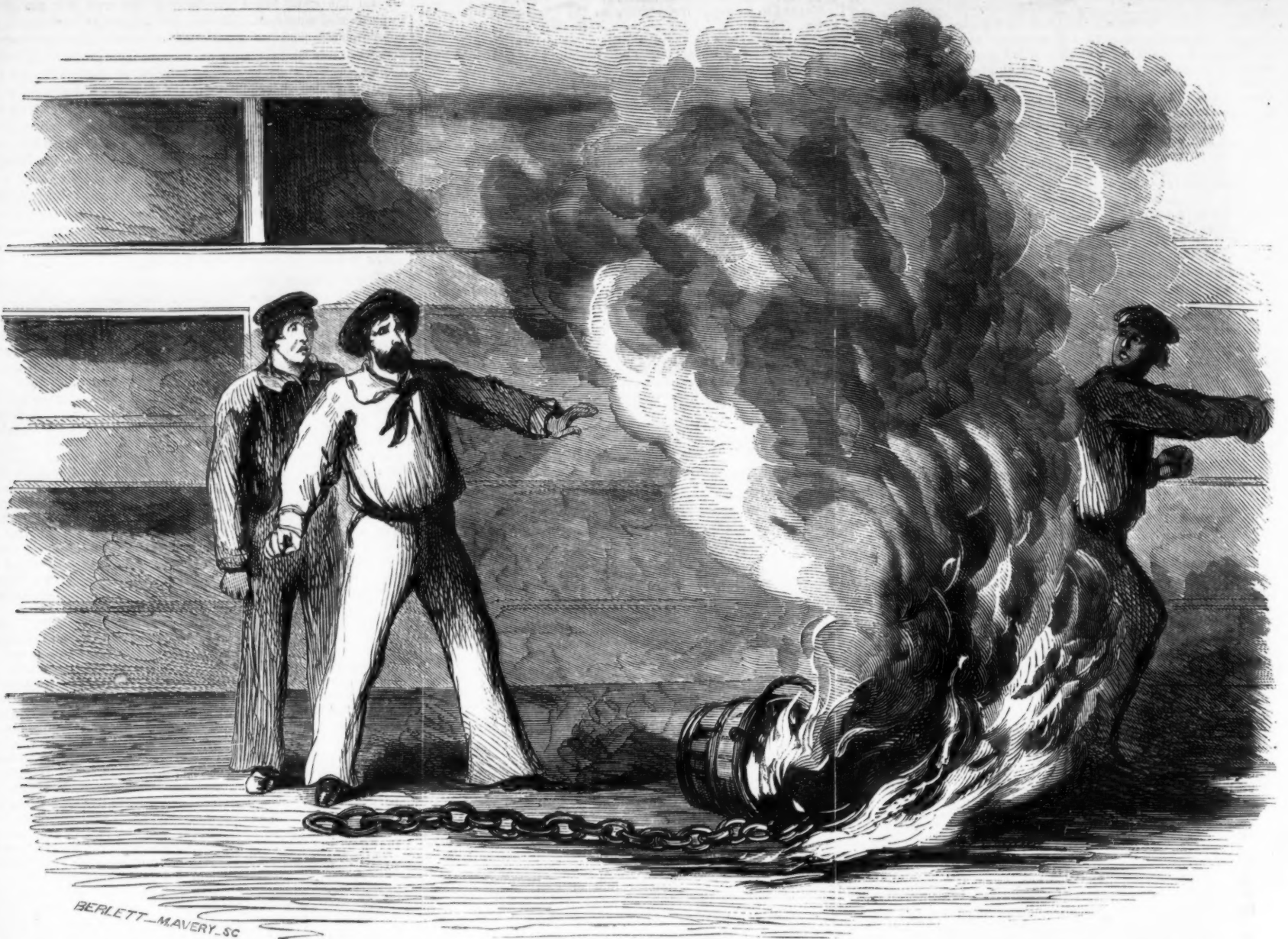
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J. Edward Turner.

On Friday, the 24th September, the corner stone of the asylum was laid at Binghamton, New York, the citizens of which town have presented two hundred and fifty acres of land to the institution. Binghamton contains some ten thousand inhabitants, and is charmingly situated at the confluence of the Susquehanna and Chenango Rivers, two hundred and twenty-five miles from New York. It was settled in 1787 by Mr. William Bingham, of Philadelphia, who gave the land for its public buildings, and from whom it derives its name. The town is handsomely laid out with fine avenues, and contains, besides the county building, about ten churches, three newspaper offices, a number of hotels, several seminaries, two banks, and fifty stores, warehouses and manufactories. It is the terminus of the Syracuse, Binghamton and New York Railroad, and of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, which here unite with the New York and Erie. The Chenango Canal also connects it with Utica.

The building to be erected, under the superintendence of the excellent architect, Mr. Isaac G. Perry, will extend to a length of three hundred and sixty-five feet, with a height of three stories, in the castellated Gothic style, with massive towers, turrets and buttresses embattled at the top. The transept is sixty-two feet wide by seventy-two feet deep exclusive of towers, and a portion of the front wall, which makes a large vestibule on the first story. The wings are fifty-one feet deep and one hundred and forty-seven feet on each façade, exclusive of the projections of the towers, which are four feet six inches, making the extreme length three hundred and sixty-five feet.

The first story has four rooms twenty-two by twenty-eight feet, besides the rooms in the towers and vestibule, an office, reception-room, physician's-room and dining-room. The rooms in the towers are eight feet square. Corridors nine feet wide run the entire length of the wings, and are lighted at each end by a large triple window, by a skylight next the transept and by ash doors in the centre. The wings are divided into separate wards, there being twenty-two rooms in each ward; two rooms, thirteen feet six inches by eighteen feet, are in the centre of each wing; the dining-room is eighteen by twenty-three feet. The remainder of the rooms in the wings are twelve by eighteen feet. The towers in the wings are seven feet square inside, and fitted up with bath tubs, &c. The height of ceilings in the transept are—Basement, nine feet; first story, fourteen feet six inches; second story, fifteen feet six inches; chapel, twenty-six feet; and the rooms each side of it ten feet. The height of the ceilings in the wings are—Basement, nine feet; first story, twelve feet eight inches; second story twelve feet four inches; and third story, twelve feet. All the windows above the basement are embellished with heavy wood mouldings. All the parapets are to be finished with projecting stone cornice and battlements. The material to be employed above the basement is brick. It will require about



FUMIGATING THE STEAMER AUSTRIA, LOST BY FIRE, 13TH SEPTEMBER—THE TAR AND HEATED CHAIN THE CAUSE OF THE FIRE—THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER—THE FIRST ALARM.—SEE PAGE 289.

two years to complete the structure, the cost of which will be about one hundred thousand dollars.

The laying of the corner-stone was performed with Masonic ceremonies, and was followed by eloquent addresses by the President of the Board, Dr. Francis, Rev. Dr. Bellows and the Hon. Edward Everett, concluding with a poem by Mr. Alfred B. Street and a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Prince. We make the following extract from the oration of Dr. Francis, bearing strongly on the constitutional characteristics of inebriety:

Amid most unsettled knowledge we may safely infer that organic changes are more frequently found in the bodies of inebriates than in those whose lamentable end has proceeded from what I may call idiopathic insanity. In the instances which I have made of *post mortem* examinations of cadavers of the intemperate, the ravages of disordered action have been displayed far more extensively in the great organs of functional life than are found in cases of mental derangement from other causes. I omit details: the brain, the heart, the lungs, the stomach, the liver and kidneys are most vulnerable to the influence of alcoholic potations. Old Mr. Fyfe told me he had witnessed on the

dissecting table the liver of fifty pounds weight, in the case of a diseased East India captain; but this, it was frankly admitted, was a rare fact, even to the Edinburgh anatomist. I never encountered so formidable a liver; it was of size sufficient to create bile for an army; yet the probability is that it secreted not a particle. It is impossible at this time to dwell upon the morbid appearances effected by drunkenness. Every fibre, every tissue of the body is subjected to its all-pervading influence. No part, however, demonstrates its sad ravages more frequently than the brain. The knife of the dissector shows the changes here to be many and most afflicting. Inflammation, and adhesions, and effusion, perhaps are the commonest forms of the altered state. The poison itself is often actually found in the ventricles of the brain, and, upon the bony covering being removed, the exhalation of alcohol is strongly perceptible. Apply a lighted taper and the process of combustion is in full force. This striking fact was first noticed by Dr. Cooke, of London, but many have made the experiment with like results. Here, then, we have the brain on fire, saturated with the narcotic poison, and this I have seen in a subject, an habitual inebriate, twelve hours after an excessive debauch. As medical witness in numerous cases on criminal trials in New York, I have borne testimony to the truth of these pathological facts derived from dissection, many of which I have performed. How wonderfully does all this seem to corroborate the opinion of old Judge Daggett, of Connecticut: "There is no more nourishment in alcohol," quoth the venerable judge, "than in a stroke of lightning."

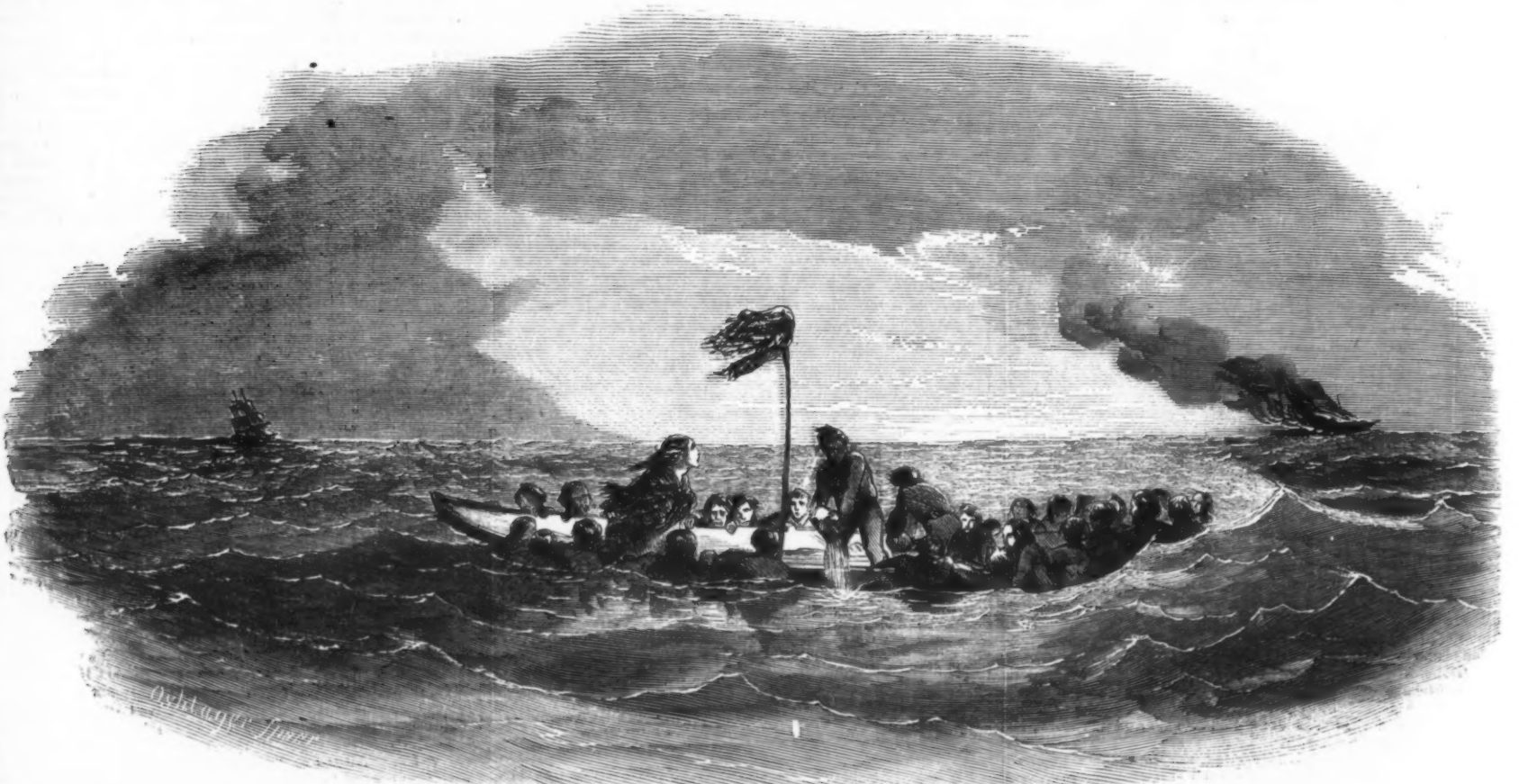
The oration of Rev. Dr. Bellows was concluded with the following just tribute to the merits of Dr. Turner:

We should rejoice, then, to lift to the pedestal of this majestic occasion, and place before the eyes of the friends of the unfortunate inebriate and his wretched victims, only less miserable than himself, the form of the first man who proposed, advocated and assured the existence of the first inebriate asylum in the world—and his name is Dr. Joseph Edward Turner!

May God reward his faith and his works!

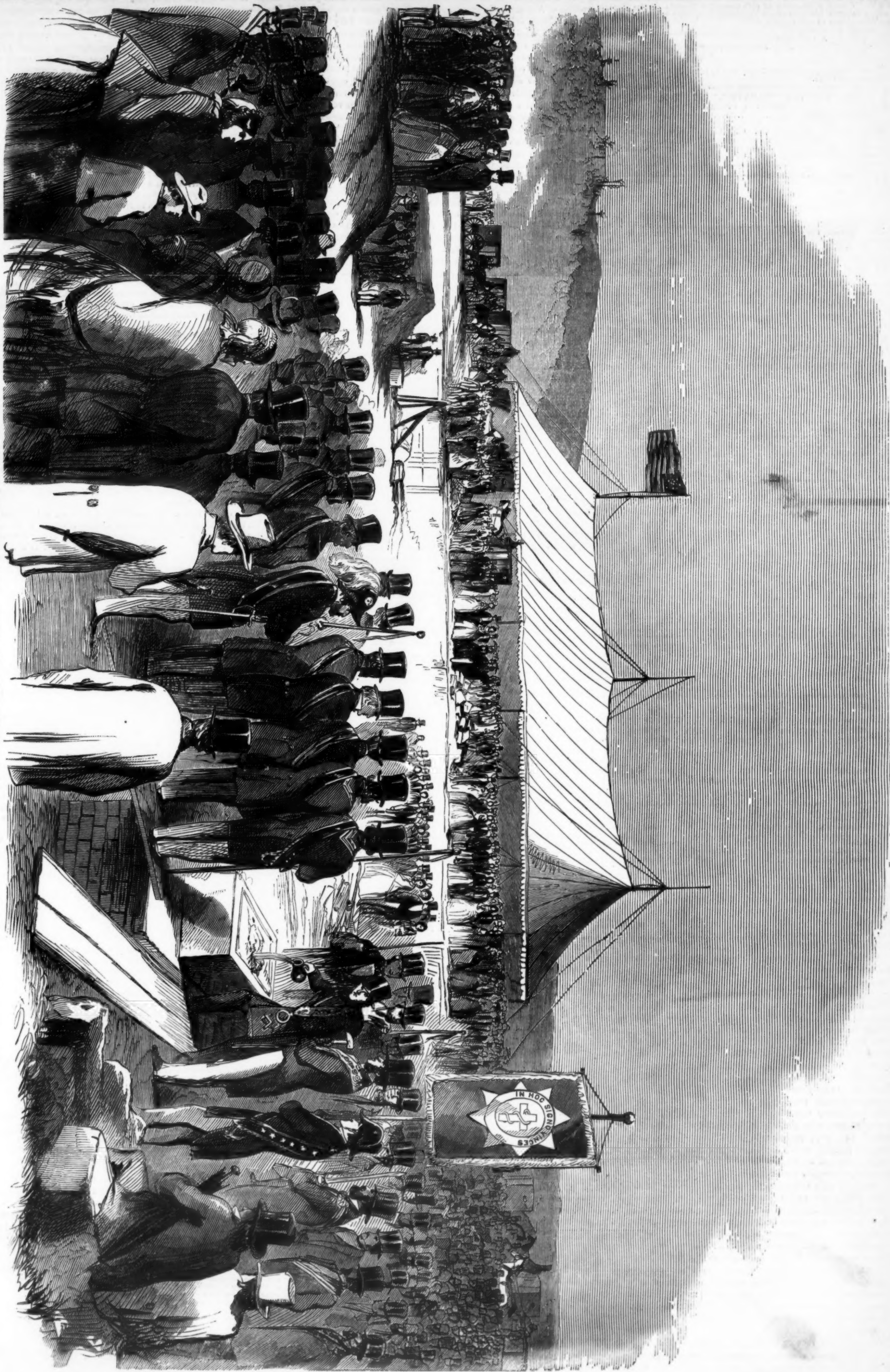
We desire to express our cordial thanks, in our own name and in that of our artist, to the gentlemen charged with the arrangement of the proceedings for their uniform courtesy and attention; and to Mr. S. L. Guion, of the Bingham House, as well as to Messrs. Moulter & Brown, of the Lewis House, who refused to accept any remuneration from our artist at the close of his stay.

Our next issue will contain a portrait of Dr. J. Edward Turner, the projector of the institution, as well as a view of the asylum itself.



BURNING OF THE STEAMSHIP AUSTRIA—ONE OF THE METALLIC LIFE-BOATS HAVING BEEN SUNK BY THE WEIGHT OF THOSE CROWDED INTO IT, A PORTION GET OUT TO ALLOW IT TO RISE, AND CLING TO ITS SIDES WHILE IT IS BALED OUT BY MEANS OF A LIFE PRESERVER BROKEN IN HALVES.—SEE PAGE 289.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE INEBRIATE ASYLUM AT BINGHAMTON—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 296.



WALLACK'S THEATRE.—J. W. WALLACK, LESSEE.—Grand Reopening of this beautiful Temple of the Drama, with a company unsurpassed for excellence, comprising nearly all the old favorites of this establishment :

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By order of the Board of Managers.

F. W. GEISSENHAINER, Jr., Chairman.

PILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1898-'99.—The Board of Directors respectfully inform their Members and the Public that the Concerts and Rehearsals will take place at NIBLO'S GARDEN. First public rehearsal SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9th, at 3½ o'clock P. M.

By order, L. SPIER, Secretary.

2. **JOBBERS/FRONTIERS.**—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us by their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9, 1858.

Swill Milk Labels—Aldermen Tuomey and Reed vs. Frank Leslie—The Action of the Grand Jury.

The Grand Jury have dismissed the complaints of libel presented for their action by Aldermen Tuomey and Reed against Frank Leslie. These libels, our readers will remember, consisted of certain caricatures in reference to the swill milk question, which Messrs. Tuomey and Reed insisted reflected upon them, and were calculated to injure his character. The Grand Jury, whatever they thought about the application of the caricatures to the plaintiff Aldermen, did not, evidently, think that their characters were injured thereby—whether because they were above reproach or beneath contempt our readers must decide for themselves. Suffice it to say, that after hearing the testimony of Aldermen Tuomey and Reed, and carefully examining the papers in the case, the complaints were dismissed, the Aldermen foiled in their revenge, and John Graham deprived of an opportunity for the display of his native Billingsgate and prize-ring bravado.

The action of the Grand Jury has given the third rebuke to Aldermen Tuomey and Reed for their conduct as leading members of the Committee appointed by the Board of Health to inquire into the swill milk cow-stable nuisance. The public Press, with the single exception of the *Leader*—a paper owned by Alderman Clancey, President of the Board of Aldermen—was unanimous in condemning their course of action; public opinion denounced them in unmeasured terms; and lastly the Grand Jury, by ignoring their complaints, confirms the previous decisions.

There is one more expression of opinion as to their course of conduct in considering a great social evil, dangerous alike to the lives and well-being of the community, and that must be uttered at the polls. It will be a disgrace to our city if such men as Tuomey and Reed should be re-elected to the offices they now hold, or to any public office of trust or honor. Their names would be a blot upon any ticket, and any party should weigh well the consequences before they so insult the feelings and the sense of the people by placing their names on the list of candidates for any official position. We have no personal feelings in this matter. It is true that Messrs. Tuomey and Reed have endeavored to annoy and injure us in various ways, but their feeble attacks were met and repulsed by the strength of our position. We fought the cause of the people against a hydra-headed nuisance, and with truth and the people on our side we could afford to smile at the puny efforts of men who were writhing under a sense of public odium, which our exposure had brought upon them, and which they naturally supposed would necessarily debar them for ever from returning to office.

Granting that their decision in reference to the infamous swill milk traffic was uninfluenced and honest, the total want of intelligence they displayed in coming to such a decision, in face of facts brought out in the evidence before them, proves their utter unfitness for any office that requires judgment or any other evidence of intellect. A man may speak vile grammar and relentlessly murder the English language, and still have a clear head and a practical intellect; but these men are deficient in all these, and should be permitted to retire into that obscurity which would compassionately hide their utter mental incapacity and moral obliquity from the public eye. These men should be made to feel their miserable unfitness for public service, and for the honor of the intelligence of our citizens, we trust and believe that they will receive their just rebuke at the polls in the coming election.

As an instance of the rare intelligence of these famous public officials, Aldermen Tuomey and Reed, we give a specimen of the evidence of one of them before the Grand Jury in the swill milk libel case. One of these model Aldermen stated in his evidence that he was represented in the libellous picture of FRANK LESLIE'S PAPER as "doing the fresco work in white-washing the cow stables." Could the learned Alderman have meant fresco work? Again, on being asked if the cows in the swill milk stables had any general disease, he answered "that the cows had a distemper that was attempted to be relieved by putting a vacuum in their tails, which swelled them up as large as his arm, and they dropped off sometimes." Now, we maintain that a man who gravely talks about "fresco" work, and states that a vacuum was put in a cow's tail to stop the distemper—or a man who would assert, as a member of a committee of inquiry, that the milk was pure and wholesome from a cow so badly diseased that its tail dropped off—such a man, we say, is unfit to hold office in any community that ranks mentally above a colony of apes. Yet such men are elected as Aldermen of New York, the first city of the great United States, and their verdict permits the swill cow stables—where from disease the tails drop from the wretched animals—not only to exist, but flourish! Remember this, citizens of New York, and remember also that your votes can correct both evils and suppress two intolerable nuisances at the same time.

The Law of Libel.

FREE discussion is the privilege alone of England and the United States. Indeed it seems to be the faculty of the Anglo-Saxon mind. The Celt has too much impulse, which runs into rabid abuse and unscrupulous assertion. Even the Dublin Press is either an echo of the court, or the senseless outpourings of that sanguinary hate which the Irish ever bear towards their rulers. The French cannot be said to have a Press at all—either free or enslaved. From first to last the journals of Paris are, as organs of public opinion or mediums of news, absolutely worthless. They are not newspapers, but mere daily vehicles to attack or defend some minister or system—either to preach a revolution or to applaud a *coup d'état*. They are not intended for the service of the public, but devoted to the interest of an autocrat like Louis Napoleon, a demagogue like Thiers, a dreamer like Lamartine, or the bigotry advocated by *L'Univers*.

England and the United States, being the only free Governments, necessarily possess the only free Press—the result of their national temper and partly of their institutions. But even in these countries abuses creep in, which, if not corrected, neutralize much of their benefits. It is unlicensed abuse on one hand, and a tyrannical straining of the law on the other. Either of these evils, if followed out, would soon extinguish the utility of journalism, and convert it into either a licentiousness, defeating itself, or the abject toady of the legal bully and the corrupt official.

The old English axiom—the greater the truth the greater the libel—is happily exploded in both that country and our own more enlightened republic. Let us endeavor to give a definition suited to the spirit of the times.

We submit that it is the right of the Press to protect the public from fraud, danger and death. The greatest blessing to the individual is health; and of course this is still more valuable to the masses, since one death is an isolated event; while anything that touches the million portakes the character of a pestilence, and is a national calamity, destructive alike of public morals and commerce. It is therefore the sacred duty of the Press to put the public on their guard against poison in every shape, whether arsenic, prussic acid, diseased meat, drugged rum or swill milk. The journalist who conceals any knowledge he has of these crimes and criminals is an accessory to the murders, and deserves himself to be considered as a partner in their iniquity.

Against laudanum, arsenic and prussic acid our citizens are, generally speaking, secured, because these articles are almost invariably labelled "Poison," and drugged rum is only conveyed to the lips of the adult and the drunkard. The dealers in these deadly compounds have the redeeming excuse that the partakers thereof know what they are about.

But what can be said of the man "who steal the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in?" who, with the fiendishness—no of Satan, for the Majesty of Evil would scorn anything so mean—but with a dirty rascality beyond the power of language to depict, selects the nourishment of babes to convert into a slow and deadly poison, and meanly assassinates infancy and childhood at so much a pint. Well may we say, with the poet of human nature, "Oh, for a whip of scorpions, to lash the villains naked through the world!"

The journalist who knew these things, and hesitated to denounce them—the journalist who flinched in his duty in such a holy cause, is fit only to vend the poison he has not the courage to expose.

And we maintain that it is the sacred duty of the Press, when it finds judges visiting the criminals they are appointed to try, and sharing, whether in a brown succeeded palace or the gloomy cell, their champagne and their supper, to tell the public that such men have been either bought by these wealthy poisoners, or that they are devoid of reason, or else they have a natural taste for blood more fitting the hyena than the man.

And we also maintain, that, when a hired bully, albeit a counsellor of the law, descends to low abuse, and acts more like a scaramouch than the member of a dignified profession, it is the bounden duty of the Press to rebuke him for his misconduct, more especially if the judge before whom this pitiable exhibition occurs has not the courage or the decency to act up to the requirements of his office.

This is no libel—it is the solemn function of the Press. But if instead of temperately rebuking this man the journalist were to step out of his place and rake up his private life, and say that he was a frequenter of bad houses, the companion of pimps, the kept bully of harlots, and that he was so lost to shame as to parade his degradation in public avenues with some demirep at his side—these revelations might possibly be considered as proceeding from private malice; for although conclusive on the point that he was a depraved member of society, yet they were his private recreations, which could only concern the public remotely and indirectly, as forming part and parcel of that public vice, which, although leading to crime, is not legal crime.

Editorial Gossip.

itself. Above all, the motive ought to be most thoroughly sifted. The journalist who, in the exercise of his legitimate functions, comes into collision with any man, or class, or trade, cannot certainly be considered as being actuated by private motives, since his object is palpably to warn the unsuspecting against evils which endanger their health and happiness. This is the duty of every good citizen, whether editor, mechanic or merchant. In conclusion, we repeat, that to shrink from any possible consequences in such a task would be to proclaim himself unworthy of his position, and a passive coadjutor in those frightful abuses.

MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF THE INDIANS.—An adjourned meeting of this association took place at Troy, New York, on the evening of September 23. Mr. Anson Atwood presided. The agent of the society submitted a plan of operations in behalf of the Indians, which was proposed by the association in New York. The first two clauses are as follows:

1. To awaken a more thorough interest in the public mind in behalf of the Indian race by means of agents and publications, showing the enormous injustices perpetrated upon them, by which they are driven into swamps and mountains to starve and freeze to death, or hunted and shot down like the beasts of the forest.
2. To petition Congress to adopt some certain plan by which the Indians may have suitable and sufficient domains, with agricultural implements and teachers, with all the necessary facilities of a true progressive civilization.

The third clause aims at the constitution of efficient permanent superintendents, who shall watch over the interests, conduct and education of the remaining Indian tribes.

A series of resolutions having been adopted, the meeting adjourned. The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to prepare a plan of organization for the promotion of the purposes above set forth: Rev. Dr. Beman, P. P. Steward, B. Starbuck and G. Landon. The committee are authorized to call an adjourned meeting when they are ready to report.

A NEW PICTORIAL PAPER.—We learn with much pleasure that Mr. Gleason, so well-known as the proprietor of *Gleason's Pictorial*, returns to his old occupation, after an absence of several years, during which time he has emphatically rested pleasantly from his labors. In a short time he will issue in Boston a new pictorial paper, which will no doubt be worthy of his former reputation and his great experience. He promises good things from the best talent in art and literature, and we believe that he will fulfil all the promises he makes. We are glad to welcome Mr. Gleason back to that occupation, in the pursuit of which he realized not only reputation but a brilliant fortune.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH. — We find that an unintentional omission of due credit took place in our historical article upon the electric telegraph in No. 144 of our paper. We were totally unaware at the time that Mr. John Wilkins, C.E., of Troy, N.Y., had advocated the extension of an electric wire from Ireland to Newfoundland as early as January 31st, 1850. On that day, in a remarkable letter extending to nearly a column of the *Journal of Commerce*, he wrote as follows: "My plan for establishing magnetic telegraphic communication between Europe and America, consists of laying a strong wire on the bed of the ocean between the east coast of Newfoundland and west coast of Ireland. A repeating station may be established permanently, if requisite, on the most easterly bank of Newfoundland, at the last practical mooring ground, about five hundred miles from the coast." We are glad to be able to do Mr. Wilkins the justice of bringing his claims to credit as one of the very earliest projectors of the cable into notice.

WOOD'S BUILDING—A SUGGESTION.—In passing that beautiful marble building erected in Broadway by Mr. Henry Wood, we have frequently regretted that it should be devoted to the purposes of negro minstrelsy. Not that we think that the patrons of that peculiar class of entertainments should be less comfortably housed than those who delight in a more elevated style of amusement; but because the locality is so admirably fitted for a first-class theatre, and would supply a want that the public fully recognizes. The doors of the Broadway theatre remain closed, and it is rumored that another theatre will cease to be such shortly, so that the time would seem to be propitious for such change in the character of Wood's Building as we have contemplated. The stage is sufficient in its capacity and conveniences for dramatic performances; the auditorium is large, elegant and replete with comfort, and possesses an excellence not to be overlooked, namely, a perfect and complete ventilation without cold draughts. The entrance hall is magnificent, and the facilities for egress ample and immediate. It is, in short, in locality, in capacity, in elegance and safety, marked out for a first-class dramatic or operatic establishment. To accomplish this it only needs that Mr. Henry Wood should believe that it would be to his pecuniary interest to make the change we suggest. It will probably, be difficult to do this in face of the fact that for several years he has derived enormous profit from his enterprise in the management of negro minstrelsy. But would not the same energy, liberality and tact, which won success from a somewhat doubtful and not over-refined undertaking, insure a like result in a higher and not less popular region of action? We believe it would, for the love of the drama is almost universal; and, judging from the past, we believe that Mr. Wood possesses all the requisites to conduct such an enterprise with firmness, liberality and intelligence, and to secure to it the sympathy and patronage of the public. The popularity of negro minstrelsy may die out, but the love for the drama has existed from time immemorial, and will exist for ever.

We give this suggestion for what it is worth. Very many will adopt our views; Mr. Wood may not, but we are satisfied that the time is not far distant when the pressure from without will induce him to do the very thing we now propose. We shall see.

Our New Tale.

We call the special attention of our readers to the thrilling and admirable new Tale, entitled,

THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT:

A Tale of Life's Chances and Changes.

It was written expressly for the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and will be found replete with interest, and of a character which, while the plot deals with strange scenes and strange personages, will be found high-toned in its morality and entirely unexceptionable for family reading. The scene is laid in America, and will lead us through much of the most interesting portion of our country.

Pen-nut Parsons.—The practice of preaching at perrons is becoming somewhat common. Not long ago a New York Baptist minister took the liberty of waking up a Hoboken judge for snoring under the parson's nose, and the following, from the *Hartford Times*, is a case in point :

"A couple of fellows strolled into a colored church at Hartford, a few evenings since, to enjoy the fun; but when the colored minister rose up to preach, before announcing his text, he leaned forward on the pulpit and looked slowly around on his congregation. 'Brethren,' said he at length, 'may de Lor' hab mercy on all de isiders. Solemn paase. May de Lor' hab mercy on de two pa-nut enters down de door.' The young men did not wait to hear the benediction."

LITERATURE.

True to the Last; or, Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea. By A. S. BOW. New York: Derby & Jackson, 110 Nassau street.

A book intended to illustrate how sure an anchor is Faith, and how unerring is the path that leads to the righteous end when the steps are directed by a sense of moral responsibility, sustained by a firm reliance upon the saving power of the Divine Being. The story is very interesting, and turns upon the fortune of a youth who, parentless, goes forth into the world to seek his fortune, with no other capital than a high sense of moral rectitude and a faith in the saving principles of belief, inculcated by the precepts and example of a Christian mother, and with a firm determination to keep these inviolate through every vicissitude. From the first moment he meets sincere and powerful friends, and though he suffers some trials, his course is ever onward and upward, until a youth of rectitude is rewarded by position, prosperity and wedded happiness.

We are inclined to dispute the application of the principle involved, as it is plainly indicated in this book that the possession of moral worth is certain to lead to success in life. Experience proves, if not the reverse of this, at least that there are countless exceptions to the rule attempted to be proved. The evidence of pure faith is cheerfulness in suffering and endurance in severe affliction and trying reverses; it does not secure success, for the cunning of the worldly too often prevails; but it insures a brave heart to meet misfortune, and a calm resignation under what appear as heavy dispensations. Any other reading is as false and as worldly as the too often quoted adage, "Honesty is the best policy."

The story deals with many characters, most of which are admirably drawn, and are very lovable, the incidents are natural, though trenching somewhat on the romantic, and the interest, which is strongly human and very fascinating, is artistically sustained until the close of the book. It is brought out in Derby & Jackson's best style.

Ernestin; or, The Heart's Longing. By ALTHEA. New York: Stanford & Delisser, 508 Broadway.

This is a curious book in many respects. It has the weakest of plots, and yet its interest does not flag; and while it deals almost entirely with the innermost feelings, sentiments, thoughts and metaphysical nature of a very vain, weak, irresolute, proud, capricious, exacting blockhead, curiosity is for ever kept upon the stretch to learn what will be the end of a man satisfied with nothing, and one with whom no one is satisfied. Ernestin is an imaginary character, for we believe that no human being could so torture himself by infinitesimal examination into motives and actions upon the very slightest and most insignificant of provocations. If in passing a window he saw a child with its nose flattened against the pane, it would present an occasion for half a dozen pages of philosophical disquisition about the eternal fitness of things—the nose to the pane of glass, for instance—in which there would be self-upbraidings, doubts, metaphysical examinations, and minute researches into cause and effect. We acknowledge the rare ability of the writer, but we cannot help feeling that, in the present instance, a considerable amount of power has been wasted. Still, as we have stated, the intense egotism displayed in the character of Ernestin is singularly attractive, and the reader feels a restless curiosity as to the ultimate fate of one so peculiarly fastidious and so little calculated to act a part in the world of real life. The book is brought out in excellent style by Messrs. Stanford & Delisser.

Courtship and Matrimony. By ROBERT MORRIS. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 316 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

The author of this clever and interesting book is well known as the able and accomplished editor of the Philadelphia *Pennsylvania Inquirer*. Any work emanating from such a source must attract attention, and prove worthy the consideration of a thoughtful and intelligent community. The book receives its title from its first article—Courtship and Matrimony—which is a well-considered and eloquent essay upon a subject of deep interest to all. He contrasts the custom of "courtship" which prevails in this country with the vile system of wife-trade so widely practised in other countries, and dilates upon the privileges which it insures—the mutual opportunities it affords of studying the character of each as desire to be companions for life, and enlarges upon the exquisite joys of that love's probation time. As we have said, it is an eloquent and genial article, and will be read with pleasure by all who can appreciate good writing which has a heart in it.

The other sketches are from scenes and experiences in social life, and touch upon a great variety of subjects. These sketches evince a power of deep and shrewd observation, and a philosophy which is large, general and eminently Christian in its character. Every line exhibits fine gentlemanly feeling, broad and active sympathy, and the strength of a healthy mind, blended with high refinement. We have perused the work with both pleasure and profit, and commend it to our readers with the utmost sincerity. It should meet with an extensive circulation. It is brought out in most excellent style by Peterson & Brothers.

MUSIC.

Italian Opera, Fourteenth street.—Our readers will bear in mind that the present is the last week of Max Maretzek's admirable opera company. Next week they depart for Havana. A great attraction is added to the company in the person of Signor Cesare Nani and Signor Giovanni Sbriglia, who will make their first bow to an American audience. It is proposed to give Max Maretzek a complimentary benefit. We second that motion most heartily. No man better deserves the compliment. Let the proposition be carried out, and the public will support it enthusiastically.

Strakosch's Italian Opera Company.—The engagement of this opera company closed at Burton's Theatre last Saturday evening, with Madame Colton's benefit. We have already spoken at length of the splendid abilities of Madame Colton, and we can only say that her every performance strengthened us in our opinion of her rare and admirable genius. She is the great success of the time, and we hope to see her again in New York, and under more favorable circumstances. Her triumphs in this city have hardly commenced yet. Mr. Strakosch deserves our thanks for bringing this beautiful artist before the public. The company appears in Boston this week.

Safety of Mr. Theodore Eisfeld.—It is with feelings of the most sincere gratification that we announce the safety of Mr. Eisfeld. It was generally known among his friends that he was on board the ill-fated *Austria*, and the utmost friendly anxiety was expressed as to his fate, only relieved by the welcome tidings of his miraculous rescue from a terrible death. Mr. Eisfeld is universally esteemed and respected, and those who know him intimately will bear witness to his amiability, liberality, and his high and gentlemanly tone of feeling in every position he has occupied. His safety is a subject of general congratulation in all musical circles.

Lecture on Wit and Imagination.—Professor J. W. S. Hows gave a very interesting lecture on the above subjects at Hope Chapel on Tuesday evening, the 28th ult. His selections from Washington Irving, Ben Jonson, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Cumberland, Jerrold and Dickens were chosen with rare taste and tact, and were rendered by Professor Hows in a manner worthy of his well-known reputation. The lecture-room was well attended, many of our distinguished citizens being present.

Mr. S. C. Massett's Entertainment.—Mr. Massett gave his pleasant and clever entertainment, entitled, "Song and Chit-Chat of Travels in Many Lands," a second time at Niblo's Saloon on Tuesday evening, the 28th ult., to quite a large and fashionable audience. His efforts were received with marked demonstrations of pleasure and approbation. He will, we understand, continue his entertainments at Dodworth's Academy. He repeats it, by request, in Hoboken next week.

New York Philharmonic Society.—We have received the Sixteenth Annual Report of the Philharmonic Society of New York. We are glad to find that, notwithstanding the great commercial distress which prevailed during the last year, the receipts of the society were very large, though some thousands less than the year previous. The total amount of the receipts was \$9,166 50, and after paying the usual expenses a dividend of \$80 was paid to each member. Remarkable as the success was under the circumstances, \$80 was but poor pay for sixteen public and eight private rehearsals, and four public concerts. Still, the times considered, the success was very flattering to the society. In the coming season the directors have determined to give five concerts instead of four, with the usual number of rehearsals. The price of subscription will not be raised, but payment in advance is now made a rule, and, we think, a good rule.

The society will give their concert this season at Niblo's Garden, the lessee of the Academy of Music declaring that the Philharmonic Society shall not again occupy that building while it is under his control. Mr. Ullman's conduct is, to say the least of it, very singular and very arbitrary; and, while we are on this subject, we will state that he owes the public an explanation for his excessively rude and oppressive conduct at the fourth concert of the last season.

The report indicates the purpose of erecting a fine Music Hall worthy of the city of New York, and of dimensions sufficient to accommodate the thousands of subscribers to the Philharmonic concerts. We shall hail the commencement of such a building with pleasure. Such a structure is greatly needed. The report is in every way satisfactory, and proves triumphantly that the New York Philharmonic Society has lost none of its prestige—that it is still, and most deservedly, the favorite and popular musical society of the city.

The following is a list of the Directors for the seventeenth season: H. C. Timm, President; Theodore Eisfeld, Vice-President; L. Spier, Secretary; D. Walker, Treasurer; Charles Fazzaglia, Librarian; William Schellenberg, Carl Bergmann, U. C. Hall, Chas. Brannan, Jos. Noll, Geo. F. Bristow, Assistants.

The New English Opera Company at Burton's Theatre.—The English Opera Company just arrived from England commenced at Burton's theatre on Monday evening, the 4th inst. The prima donna is Miss Lucy Scott, an American lady who studied in Italy, and for the last three years has occupied the leading position in London. Her reputation is of the very best sort, as the English, Scotch and Irish press is unanimous in awarding her great dramatic power, a fine voice and admirable skill. The other artists are Miss Emma Heywood, Miss Harriet Payne, Mr. Henry Eddies, Mr. Brookhouse Bowler, Mr. Ayasley Cook and Mr. Charles Durand. Mr. Edward Reyloff is the musical conductor.

DRAMA.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—The favor with which the public have received the revivals at this elegant theatre has induced the fair directress to repeat some of the more popular ones. The "Road to Ruin" and "Old Heads and Young Hearts" have been performed to large audiences, and show no falling off in public favor. We have noticed both these capital plays so often that we have nothing to add beyond what we have already said. Miss Laura Keene has added a new attraction in the person of Miss Minnie Macartney, who seems destined to excel in those parts which have made Mrs. Charles Howard so famous. Her Jenny Leatherlungs is full of spirit and promise. She has great vivacity, and will doubtless become an excellent representative of the singing *soubrette*, which made Madame Vestris so great a star. Lamoureux's dancing is nightly applauded and admired.

Barnum's Museum.—There has been no reason to change the performances, Thibodan's Theatre retaining the popularity. Mr. Greenwood has, therefore resolved to give the public one week more of this interesting exhibition. Next week there will be a change in the performances.

Wood's Minstrels.—This most beautiful and popular place of entertainment remains the chief resort of all who enjoy darkey fun. Nevertheless, there is nothing to offend the most fastidious taste. Melody, *bon-mot* and broad humor combine to render Wood's Minstrels the best adapted of all our entertainments for the family circle. Mr. Sylvester Bleeker's roaring farce of the "Old Clock" is performed every night with immense applause.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

AN English nobleman once sent his stupid son to Rowland Hill, in order that he might be educated, accompanied by a note, in which the father said of his hopeful son,

"I am confident he has talents, but they are hidden under a napkin." The eccentric but shrewd divine kept the youth a few weeks under his care, but sent him back to his father with the following laconic message:

"I have shaken the napkin at all corners, and there is nothing in it."

"GRANDPA, did you know that the United States have been in the habit of encouraging and acknowledging Tories?"

"Certainly not; what kind of Tories?"

"Tories! Tories! Now give me some peanuts, or I'll catch the measles and make you pay for 'em."

"SAMMY, my son, how many weeks belong to the year?"

"Forty-six, sir."

"Why, Sammy, how do you make that out?"

"The other six are lent."

WANTED.—The editor of the *New Idea*, at Samida, Shelby county, Iowa, advertises for somebody to purchase a half interest in the concern. Who wants to become proprietor of "half an Idea?"

A LADY, formerly a resident of Georgia, very much discontented with Mississippi life, and longing to return to her native land, was shouting at camp meeting last year, and became so excessively happy that she exclaimed, "Glory to God, I feel like I was in Georgia!"

ROBIN'S COME.

From the elm-tree's topmost bough,
Hark! the robin's early song;
Telling, one and all, that now
Merry Spring time hastes along;
Welcome tidings dost thou bring,
Little harbinger of Spring.

Of the winter we are weary,
Weary of its frost and snow,
Longing for the sunshine cheery,
And the brooklet's gurgling flow;
Gladly then we hear thee sing
The revivell of the Spring.

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers;
Wake the cowslip by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodill.

Then, as thou wert wont of yore,
Build thy nest and rear thy young,
Close beside our cottage door,
In the woodbine leaves among;
Hurt or harm thou needst not fear,
Nothing rude shall venture near.

Swinging still o'er yonder lane,
Robin answers merrily;
Ravished by the sweet refrain,
Alice claps her hands in glee,
Shouting from the open door,
With her clear voice, o'er and o'er,
"Robin's come!"

DR. JOHNSON once dined with a Scottish lady who had hoth for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good.

"It is good for hogs, ma'am," said the doctor.

"Then, pray," said the lady, "let me help you to some more."

A Mr. N. was about completing the sale of a horse which he was very anxious to dispose of, when a little urchin appeared, who innocently inquired, "Grandpa, which horse you goin' to sell—that one you build a fire under to make him d-r-a-s?" The bargain was at an end.

KING WILLIAM AS AN HISTORIAN.—Mr. Drummond, ridiculing the pretensions of "Old Indians," who think, because they have seen the Ganges, they must necessarily be great Oriental authorities, told the following story in the House of Commons: The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., in directing the attention of Mrs. Jordan to a picture of Columbus, said to her, "Here is the man who discovered America five hundred years ago." To which she replied, "Not quite so long as that." "Why, who told you so?" said the duke; and the answer was, "I read it in Robertson's History of America." "Robertson!" responded the duke, "what does he know about it? He never was there, but I have." (Laughter.) Therefore he (Mr. Drummond) supposed the duke thought he knew all about America, and that Mrs. Jordan knew nothing at all. That was just the case with the old Indians. Mr. Drummond will probably agree, then, with the historian of British India, that to have lived in a country is a disqualification for writing its history.

BLACK AND WHITE.—A pretty little blonde actress at one of the Boulevard theatres of Paris exhibited a singular taste by appearing in a toilette of deep black on all occasions from the first of January to the last of December. Desirous of knowing the cause of this eternal mourning, her intimate friend, Mlle. A., demanded:—

"How happens it, my dear, that you are always clothed in sable, like the page of the defunct M. Marlborough?"

"But one has no secrets from a sincere friend. Is it a vow?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you mourn a first love?"

"No, for I—no."

"A parrot, a King Charles, a protector?"

"I detest all pets."

"What then, pray, is the virtue you desire to exhibit?"

"It isn't a virtue."

"Well, what then?"

"The whiteness of my shoulders."

"Mon dieu!—I suspected it."

MR. BUCKLAND'S MONKEY.—In the bag aforesaid, Jacko travelled as far as Southampton on his road to town. While taking the ticket at the railway station, Jacko, who must needs see everything that was going on, suddenly poked his head out of the bag and gave a malicious grin at the ticket giver. This much frightened the poor man, but with great presence of mind, quite astonishing under the circumstances, he retorted the insult, "Sir, that's a dog; you must pay for it accordingly." In vain was the monkey made to come out of the bag and exhibit his whole person; in vain were arguments, in full accordance with the views of Cuvier and Owen, urged eagerly, vehemently, and without hesitation (for the train was on the point of starting), to prove that the animal in question was not a dog, but a monkey. A dog it was in the peculiar views of the official, and three-and-sixpence was paid. Thinking to carry the joke further (there were just a few minutes to spare), I took out from my pocket a live tortoise I happened to have with me, and showing it, said, "What must I pay for this, as you charge for all animals?" The employee adjusted his specs, withdrew from the desk to consult with his superior; then returning, gave the reply with grave but determined manner, "No charge for them, sir; 'them be insects!"

COLERIDGE.—Mr. Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so as generally to attract notice. On a certain occasion he was riding along the torpids road, in the county of Durham, when a wag approaching him, noticed his peculiarities, and, quite mistaking his man, thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport; when, as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. C.:

"I say, young man, did you meet a tailor on the road?"

"Yes," replied Mr. C., who was never at a loss for a rejoinder, "I did; and he told me if I went a little farther I should meet a goose!" The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveller jogged on.

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

The Ladies' Raglan.—We perceive the Raglan is already becoming a very favorite style of overdress with the ladies. The Raglan is a long and loose sacque, with wide, flowing sleeves, trimmed only with a silk tassel here and there. It is buttoned close up to the throat, and finished with a small collar, over which no muslin or lace collar is worn. There is no trimming on the other portions, except a row of buttons down the front, serving for fastening. The effect is not so graceful as the circular, but it is becoming to tall figures. It is generally made of a cloth much lighter than ordinary ladies' cloth, and dark in color.

The Intoxication of Dress.—Some lady writer styling herself "Ruth Gleaning," ridicules the idea of "we men" saying we don't make such fools of ourselves about dress as the women do. She says we don't wear anything to go crazy over, and laughs at the idea of our becoming enthusiastically over such commonplace things as plain calf-skin boots, beaver stove pipes, satin vests and go-to-meeting coats.

But they, the angels, wear velvets and laces, and satins and silks, and nodding plumes, and flashing diamonds, and delicate embroideries, and fleecy mu-lins, and robes and flowers, and "little loves of bonnets," and rainbow-colored ribbons, and saphy scarfs and shawls, and mantles and capes, and furs and gloves, and hoops and beeled gaiters, and "red petticoats," and—when! she must stop to take breath. And with such a glorious paraphernalia, are they not justified in growing elevated over what they wear? Women have a thousand articles to distract their attention and excite their admiration, and the wonder is that they don't all go crazy. There is no comparison at all between men and women on this subject. So thinks Ruth, and so think we.

Marriage.—Although our great author is a bachelor he entertains admirable ideas of matrimony, and we wish his beautiful picture was more frequently realized than the newspaper reports justify us in believing:

"I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen a young and beautiful woman, the prize of gay circles, married as the world says—well. Some have moved into costly houses and their friends have all come and looked at their furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for them; as the young sometimes are carried away by similar feelings. I love to get, unobserved, into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes meeting me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa at the twilight fall and build gay hopes and murmur in low tones the now not forbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss and beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly come back from the crowded and the empty mirth of the gay to each others quiet company."

"I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on and wishing that he would come, and when he enters at last, and with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the tide that goes flowing through the heart, and gaze with him on the graceful form as she moves about for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty."

"I go forward for years and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces re-signing into dignity and loveliness, chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and delicate attentions which first won her; and her fair children are grown about them, and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die."—Washington Irving.

Hints for Housewives.—From the *Ladies' Magazine* we clip the following, which we recommend to be generally adopted:

"Make up your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness."

The President in Danger.—The Baltimore Sun gives us the following lively scene enacted at Bedford Springs:

"The lady of Colonel Alfred Spates, of Cumberland, Md., one of the visitors here, by her daring exploits with a pair of superb horses has created quite a sensation. Her admirable tact and skill in handling the ribbons and managing her spirited animals are the theme of commendation with all experts with the whip. She is the same lady who took the silver cup at a recent agricultural fair in Montgomery county, for the best display of horsemanship. Her style in the saddle is queenly, and she would be the envy of the most accomplished horsewoman at Franconi's. The lady had honored some of our distinguished guests with an invitation to share with her the hilarious exercise and refreshing perils of a place by her side upon her brilliant chariot-drive excursions. The other day she sent her card to the President, who, of course, with his habitual politeness, placed himself in her charge, and the lady gave him a glorious round, dashing through Bedford town at a spanking pace, the horses reeked with foam, the lady glowing with excitement, and the President known to everybody, very serious alarm seized the public mind that some aspiring dame had caught up the Chief Magistrate of the United States and was eloping with him. As it was observed, however, that the President took it very calmly, called upon no one for help, and seemed perfectly resigned to the consequences, whether it was a broken neck or matrimony, nobody interfered. In good time the party returned, and the President was restored safe and sound to his anxious friends."

A Tender Bequest.—Junius W. Craig, of Helena, Arkansas, died recently at Louisville. He left a will bequeathing to Miss Wright, of Louisville, daughter of Captain T. T. Wright, to whom he was betrothed, half of the annual income of his estate—making an annuity of \$20,000. He desires in his will that the remaining half of his income shall be devoted to the improvement of that same estate, and after her death, if she be the lady, not the estate, the whole property is to go to the endowment of a college at Helena. The will is contested by his relatives.

The Court Journal gives us an anecdote of Jung Bahadur, the Prince of Nepal, whose fidelity and services in the English cause have recently attracted so much attention. It reminds us of the chivalry of the olden times: "Jung Bahadur, the Prince of Nepal, is expected in England early in the spring, on a visit to the English Court. The prince, who, it will be remembered, was lately created a C. B., is married to the eldest daughter of the Rajah of Coorg, now resident in this country. The Rajah's second daughter, the Princess Gauromma, is being educated under the auspices of her most gracious Majesty, and placed by her with Mrs. Drummond, at Kew, for that purpose. We have heard rather a romantic story connected with the reason of Jung Bahadur assisting the English with his brave band of Ghorries, but it is from such an excellent source that we place all reliance in it. It is to the effect that, during the stay of the Nepalese prince in this country, he became deeply smitten with a lady of great rank and beauty, and offered her marriage. Birth and creed alike forbade the union with the noble Asiatic; but ere he quitted the shores of England, he paid the acceptance of a small token of his esteem, a beautiful Oriental ring, which the lady with much reluctance accepted. It was accompanied by the singular promise that, if ever she had a command to make, a wish to be carried out, the return of the talismanic ring to his highness would insure its due performance. As the story goes, the lady, high in rank, returned the jewel, with a wish that Jung Bahadur should revenge the foul and horrid slaughter of her countrymen at Cawnpore. How the prince has fulfilled his promise every Englishman knows, and will testify their estimation of his noble daring when he reaches England."

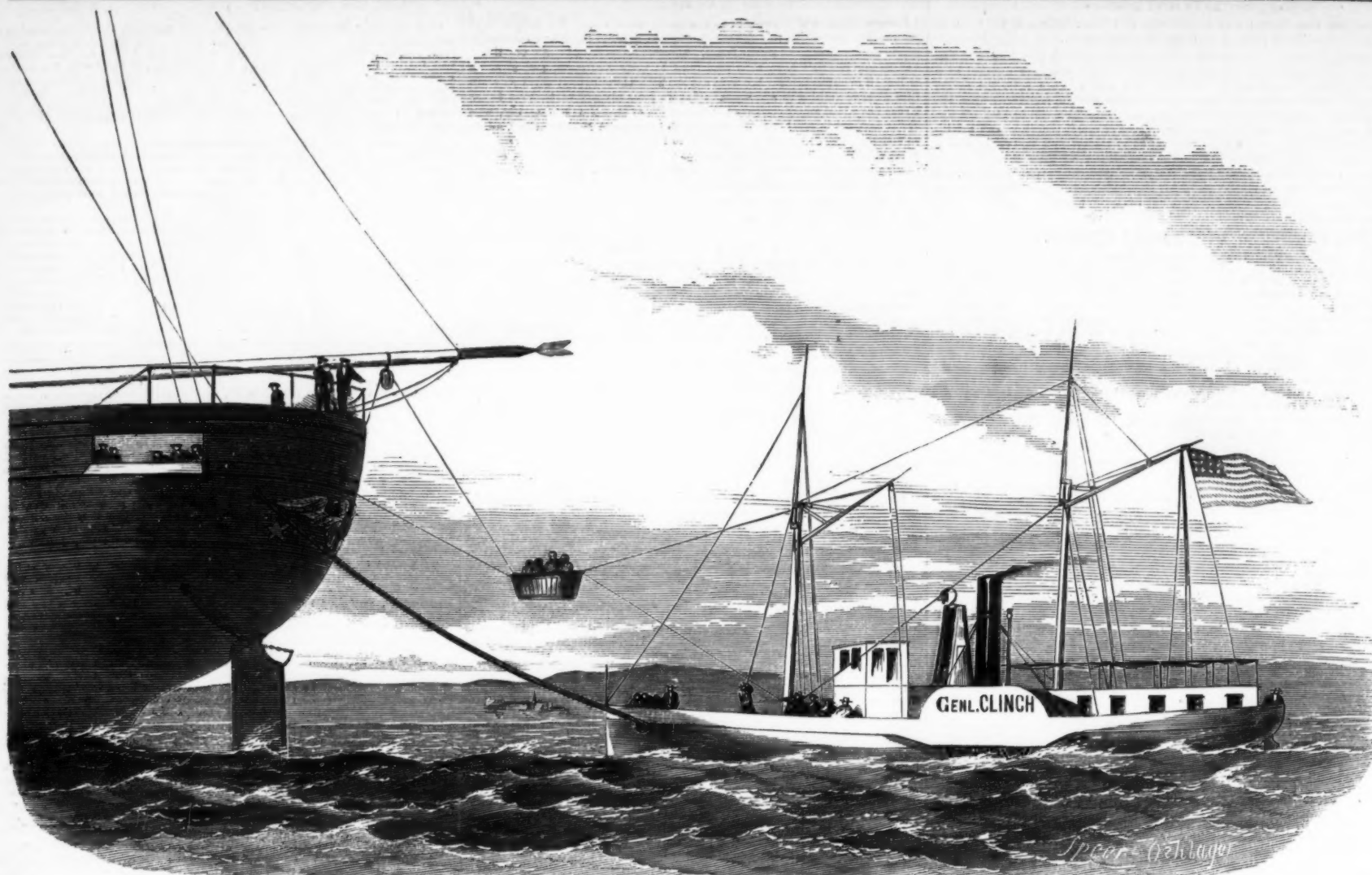
Anecdotes of Soyer.—The inventive genius of Soyer is, we believe, generally known, but his admiration for beauty, especially female beauty, may induce some of our fair readers to appreciate and study some of his valuable suggestions. Soyer was not merely a cook, he was a philosopher in his way, and possessed much of the versatility of Dumas. Some of his repartees are very good. We give an instance:

"Soyer was a great admirer of beauty. He even carried this taste into the selection of his female assistants in the kitchen. Lord Melbourne, himself a great admirer of the fair sex, was one day inspecting the kitchen arrangements of the Reform Club; Soyer was chaperoning him. His lordship was attracted by the beauty of the many females engaged in culinary operations, and he turned round and complimented Soyer upon his taste in more senses than one. 'Ah, my lord,' was the quick rejoinder, 'it won't do to have plain cooks here!' At one time Soyer was upon the point of being married to Cerito. At his own cost (and it was no slight expense) he had the portrait of the celebrated Cerito painted and lithographed. The inventive genius of Soyer was displayed in a thousand ways. He cut out patterns of his own clothing, and produced astonishing fashions. One night he presented himself at the door of the Opera House in a frock coat. 'Can't admit you, sir,' said the check taker. 'Why?' was the laconic inquiry. 'Because'—but he looked at Soyer as he spoke, and saw that he was in full dress. By the simple contrivance of pulling a string Soyer had changed in an instant the cut and fashion of his clothing."

Highly Complimentary.—A recently married editor says that a pair of sweet lips, a pressure or two of delicate hands, and a pink waist ribbon, will do as much to unhinge a man as three fivers, the measles, a large-sized hoop-cough, a pair of lock-jaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill. A very pretty comparison, indeed! What, dear reader, does the perpetrator of such an outrageous simile deserve? The infliction of one or two, or all the maladies he enumerates, we think would not be too severe a punishment.

Singular Hospitality.—Dr. Kane gives a curious instance of the hospitality of the Esquimaux. He relates that, one day, when worn out with fatigue, he turned into one of their huts to get a little sleep, the good-natured hostess of the wigwam covered him up with some of her own habiliments, and gave him her baby for a pillow!

A New Perfume.—Some Roman Emperor made his cook a consul to reward him for having invented a new sauce, and another famous Hyarite offered unlimited wealth to any of his courtiers if he would invent a new pleasure. Some ingenious chemist has laid the ladies under a great obligation by the discovery of a new scent, which he has appropriately named the "Belmont Perfume," out of compliment to that rose of womanhood, the fair Anglo-Saxon Victoria. It is a most refreshing perfume, breathing the fragrance of the fields, and a delightful contrast to that of the rose. Indeed, a fanciful belle of our acquaintance says it is redolent of wild flower hedges, and breathes the aroma of the Thorn. This is so devoid of novelty that it cannot fail to be popular with these angels of the house, our wives and daughters.



SHIPPING THE RECAPTURED AFRICANS ON BOARD THE U. S. STEAM FRIGATE NIAGARA, AT CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

AFRICAN NEGROES ON BOARD THE FRIGATE NIAGARA.

THE United States steam frigate Niagara, ordered to Charleston, S. C., for the purpose of removing the negroes captured by the Dolphin, arrived off the port at about one P. M. on Saturday, 18th of September. She has a full frigate's guard on board, consisting of three hundred sailors and fifty marines. The following are her officers: Commander, Captain John S. Chauncey; Lieutenants, J. R. M. Mullany, Edward A. Barnett, A. J. Drake and William Nelson; William Mitchell, Acting Master; Surgeons, Edward Hudson and M. P. Christian; Purser, Charles C. Upham; Engineers, John Faron (Chief), William S. Stamm, Edward D. Robie, George R. Johnson, Mortimer Kellogg, J. H. Bailey, W. G. Bachler, F. Cronin and G. W. Rogers; Lieutenant of Marines, Charles Heywood; Acting Boatswain, John K. Bardett.

A Mr. Rainey, who is conversant with the Portuguese language, was appointed transportation agent by the President, in order to superintend the negroes during the voyage to Liberia, as many of them were able to speak Portuguese tolerably well.

The steamer General Clinch visited Fort Sumter on the 20th, and took on board the negroes, whom she conveyed to the frigate. The Charleston Mercury says:

A heavy sea was running, and it required all the ingenuity of the officers in charge to ship their cargo. Finally, they hit upon the expedient, so successfully practised among the Indians of South America in crossing rapid streams. The frigate and the steamer were connected by two hawsers, and a large tub placed upon a third line run from the spanker-boom of the frigate to the deck of the steamer, and thus the awful chasm was bridged. Upon this line the negroes were placed, and hauled by tubs to the frigate. The ceremony was, of course, very slow and tedious, and it was late in the evening before the Clinch returned to the city. We regret to say that we must await the information of the authorities at Washington before we can state authentically the precise number of negroes deported. The number is, however, understood to be about two hundred and eighty.

Our engraving, from a sketch made on the spot by our own artist correspondent, graphically represents the novel mode of transhipment. The negroes were much emaciated, and for the most part in a state of almost idiotic barbarism. They wore, principally, a wrapper of cotton cloth about the waist, and only a few were supplied with jackets. A sailor from the slave-ship was put on board the Niagara, as his experience in the management of the unfortunate creatures will be very valuable.

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

THE BERTAUDIÈRE.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE TWO ENEMIES IN PRESENCE—JACQUES AND HIS EMPLOYER—A DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE.

APPARENTLY unconscious of the presence of the baron or of his daughter, who, as he passed by, shrunk from him closer towards her father, D'Argenson at once advanced to the upper end of the apartment, and deferentially saluted Philip d'Orleans, without condescending the same act of courtesy to either the governor or his nephew.

The duke returned the lieutenant's salutation with a formal, distant bow, such a bow as a superior inflicts upon an inferior—a bow rather the natural consequence of an habitual politeness than intended as a mark of personal consideration for the individual. D'Argenson, however, seemed to notice neither it nor the manifest contempt which curled the duke's lips as he listened to the obligatory compliments of the day which were addressed him by his inferior.

As soon as the latter had terminated his brief harangue, Philip d'Orleans beckoned him nearer; they both withdrew into a retired nook of the chamber, remaining a few moments engrossed in an animated conversation, which, being carried on in whispers, was inaudible to all, save Jacques, who, by his position, close to the door at the end of the hollow wall, within which was the secret closet, was enabled to distinguish each word distinctly; but, whatever the nature of the intelligence he thus gained, an observer would not have suspected him to be a lis-

tener, for, although his whole attention was concentrated to one focus, his features, his attitude—were models of immobility; as the duke and D'Argenson, however, again advanced towards the place they had but just quitted, Jacques conveyed by a sign to the baron intimation that he and his daughter formed the subject of their colloquy.

The baron, on seeing D'Argenson approach towards him, felt his face flush with indignation; his lips quivered—his brow gathered deeper wrinkles—involuntarily his fingers clutched together convulsively—he stood erect, and with fixed stare gazed at the lieutenant of police—braving his power even there, where that power was most to be dreaded—was least under extraneous control. On his side, D'Argenson first made a slight inclination of the body, a mark of courtesy observed but not returned by his victim; and whilst a smile of irony, of satiated malice, of vindictive cunning, played about his hideous mouth, he glanced alternately upon the baron and upon his fair daughter, alike unaffected either by the stern gaze of the father or by the horror-stricken start of the daughter, who in him beheld the evil genius seeking to destroy her family, and shrunk from him as the Spirit of Good shrinks from the profane approach of the demon.

The two enemies remained for the space of a few seconds in silent contemplation of each other. The duke perceived the delicacy of the position, and, assuming the privilege of a superior, broke silence, as much to bring matters to an issue as to attain the object which had brought him to the Bastille.

"Baron de St. Auney," said he, "we have sought to influence the determination of our worthy lieutenant of police as regards thy liberation; he is inclined to accede to our prayer—conditionally. Is it not so, 'sieur lieutenant'?"

D'Argenson bowed obsequiously to the duke, then turned towards the baron, awaiting his reply.

The latter, with an effort to quell his rising anger, drew his daughter closer to him, answering firmly and with a certain degree of haughtiness,

"Highness! I was brought hither unconditionally, and unconditionally I have a right to withdraw. His majesty's lieutenant of police has no warrant to detain me, having had none for my arrest, except such as abuse of a dangerous prerogative of his office gave him over an unoffending man!"

The lieutenant of police smiled ironically as the baron uttered these words, and retorted in a tone of studied coldness,

"Ugh! His majesty's lieutenant of police, my lord baron, were unworthy of the office he holds, did he acquaint a state prisoner with the reason of his detention in the Bastille? Not even to majesty," here he inclined his body in token of respect, "do I owe account of my ministerial actions, and least, of all other men, to the Baron de St. Auney."

"Thou art accountable to me," exclaimed the baron, in a loud tone, which his emotion rendered tremulous, despite an effort to maintain his firmness, "for one action of thy life—the abduction of my daughter."

"With the abduction of Julie de St. Auney?" responded D'Argenson, unmoved at the baron's apostrophe and casting a look of lustful admiration upon his daughter.

Here Julie, trembling by the side of the baron, made an effort to quell the rising storm. Pale as a lily, she bent her weeping eyes upon her father's countenance, and in a voice interrupted by hysteric sobs, exclaimed,

"Nay, father! dear father! I told thee that man brought me hither," and again she pointed to Jacques; "but I implore thee, father," she continued, in a lower tone, "let us hearken to monseigneur's proposal."

"Child! child!" responded the baron, "thou art guileless, unsuspecting. For thy sake and for that of thy sister will I submit to hearken to the proposals of my persecutor, but I will not waive my right to learn why thou wert dragged, at night, too, to this den of crime and infamy? Speak, man," continued he, turning towards Jacques, "how durst thou intrude, like a midnight thief, into my dwelling and rob me of half my greatest treasure? Speak, I say!"

Philip d'Orleans bit his lip. D'Argenson frowned and ejaculated, casting a prohibitory look upon Jacques,

"Speak! Tonnerre dieu! He dare not!"

"And why not, monseigneur?" rejoined Jacques, undauntedly, "I have less cause of shame for the part I have played than my employers for cutting out my work. I executed their orders—and to those who employed me must monsieur le baron apply for further information!" here he bowed respectfully to De St. Auney.

The baron perceived how matters stood—that he was in the very jaws of the wolf. He began to feel an increase of mistrust with regard to D'Orleans, but whilst an inward voice whispered his children's names, determined to subscribe to any terms that would insure his own and Julie's safe exit from the Bastille.

The duke relieved from his fear lest Jacques should discover the secret of Julie's abduction, thanked the spy for his evasive answer to De St. Auney's direct question by a patronizing look, which D'Argenson was not slow to comprehend, for he smiled approvingly, although inwardly mortified at his sharp rebuke. As the baron, too, appeared debating with himself the plan he should adopt, Philip d'Orleans once more broke silence, saying,

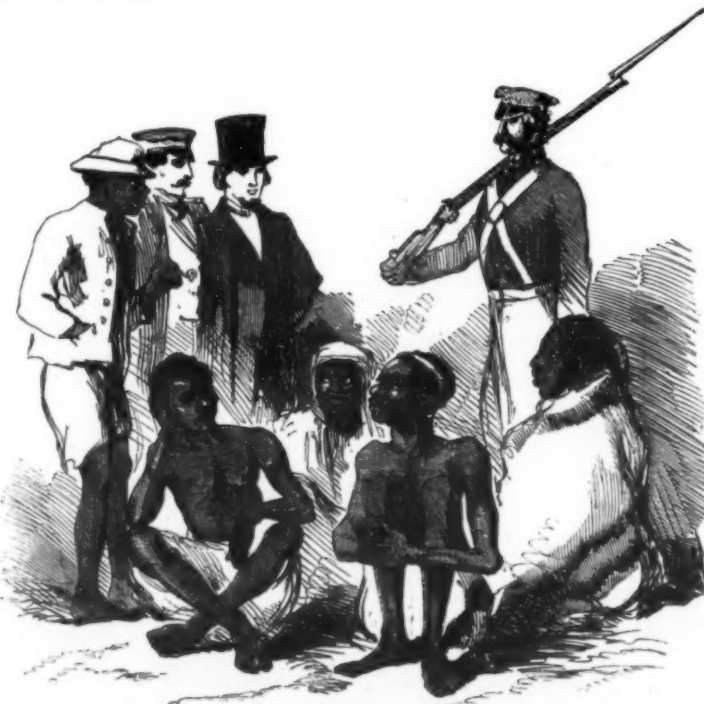
"Come! we did not meet here to carry on a war of recrimination. Art thou disposed, Baron de St. Auney, to agree to the conditions of Monseigneur D'Argenson, in order to thy release?"

"First, let Monseigneur D'Argenson answer one question of mine; my reply, highness, shall be quickly forthcoming!"

D'Argenson's eyebrows, by a convulsive interrogatory hitch upwards, denoted his desire to learn the nature of the baron's request; De St. Auney remarked the movement, and continued:

"My daughter was not brought hither for the sole purpose of seeing me; whatever the secret motive, however, which determined the violation of my domicile, and led to this outrage upon delicacy, I seek not at present to learn it; but this I demand of Monsieur D'Argenson—will the nature of my reply to his proposals affect the

(Continued on page 300.)



GROUP OF AFRICAN NEGROES ON BOARD THE NIAGARA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

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A Circular showing the plan of the Lotteries will be
sent to any one desirous of receiving it.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following
rates, which is the risk:
Certificate of Package of 10 Whole Tickets.....\$90
" " " 10 Half ".....40
" " " 10 Quarter ".....20
" " " 10 Eighth ".....10

IN ORDERING TICKETS OR CERTIFICATES,
Enclose the money to our address for the Tickets ordered,
on receipt of which they will be forwarded by first mail.
Purchasers can have tickets ending in any figure they may
designate.

The List of Drawn Numbers and Prizes will be sent to
purchasers immediately after the drawing.
Purchasers will please write their signatures plain,
and give their Post Office, County and State.
Remember that every Prize is drawn and payable in
full without deduction.

All prizes of \$1,000 and under paid immediately after
the drawing—over her prizes at the usual time of thirty days.
All communications strictly confidential.
Address Orders for Tickets or Certificates to
S. SWAN & CO., Augusta, Georgia.

Persons residing near Montgomery, Ala., or Atlanta,
Ga., can have their orders filled, and save time, by address-
ing S. SWAN & Co., at either of those cities.

A list of the numbers that are drawn from the
wheel, with the amount of the prize that each one is entitled
to, will be published after every drawing, in the following
papers: Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist, New Orleans
Delta, Mobile Register, Charleston Standard, Nashville Ga-
zette, Atlanta Intelligencer, New York Weekly Day Book,
Savannah Georgian, Richmond Dispatch, New York Dispatch,
Paulding (Miss.) Clarion, and Little Rock (Ark.) True
Democrat.

ELECTION NOTICE.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ALBANY, August 2, 1888.

TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK:
SIR—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT
at the General Election, to be held in this
State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of No-
vember next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor, in the place of John A. King;
A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry R. Selden;
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Samuel B.
Ruggles, appointed in place of Samuel S. Whallon, de-
ceased;
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of William A.
Russell;
All whose term of office will expire on the last day of
December next;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the
United States, for the Third Congressional District, com-
posed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth Wards
in the City of New York;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the
United States, for the Fourth Congressional District, com-
posed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth Wards
in the City of New York;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the
United States, for the Fifth Congressional District, com-
posed of the Seventh and Thirteenth Wards in the City of
New York, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and
Sixteenth Wards of Brooklyn;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the
United States, for the Sixth Congressional District, com-
posed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Wards in
the City of New York;

A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the
United States, for the Seventh Congressional District, com-
posed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth Wards in the
City of New York;

And also, a Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress
of the United States, for the Eighth Congressional District,
composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twen-
ty-first and Twenty-second Wards in the City of New York.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID
COUNTY

Seventeen Members of Assembly;
A Sheriff, in the place of James G. Willett;
A County Clerk in the place of Richard C. Connolly;
Four Coroners in the place of Frederick W. Perry, Ed-
ward D. Connerly, Robert Gamble and Samuel C. Hills;
All of whose terms of office will expire on the last day of
December next.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Can-
vassers is directed to Chap. 320 of Laws of 1888, a copy of
which is printed herewith, for instructions in regard to
their duties under said law, "submitting the question of
calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend
the same to the people of the State."

AN ACT to submit the question of calling a Convention to
revise the Constitution and amend the same, to the peo-
ple of the State.

Passed April 17, 1888—three-fifths being present.
The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate
and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. The inspectors of election in each town, ward
and election district in this State, at the annual election to
be held in November next, shall provide a proper box to
receive the ballots of the citizens of this State entitled to
vote for members of the Legislature at such election. On
such ballot shall be written or printed, or partly written or
printed, by those voters who are in favor of a Convention:
"Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and
amend the same? Yes." And by those voters who are
opposed thereto, the words: "Shall there be a Convention
to revise the Constitution and amend the same? No." And
all citizens entitled to vote as aforesaid shall be allowed
to vote by ballot as aforesaid, in the election district in
which he resides, and not elsewhere.

§ 2. So much of articles one, two and three, of title
four, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of an act entitled,
"An act respecting elections other than for militia and town
officers," passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-
two, and the acts amending the same, as far as the
same are applicable; and such canvases shall be com-
pleted by ascertaining the whole number of votes given in
each election district or poll for a convention, and the
whole number of votes given against such convention, in
the form aforesaid; and the result being found, the inspec-
tors shall make a statement in words, at full length, of the
number of ballots received in relation to such convention,
and shall also state in words, at full length, the whole
number of ballots having thereon the words, "Shall there
be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the
same? Yes." And also the whole number of ballots
having thereon the words, "Shall there be a Convention
to revise the Constitution and amend the same? No." Such
statements as aforesaid shall contain a caption,
stating the day on which, and the number of the district,
the town or ward, and the county at which the election
was held, and at the end thereof a certificate that such
statement is correct in all respects, which certificate shall
be subscribed by all the inspectors, and a true copy of
such statement shall be immediately filed by them in the
office of the clerk of the town or city.

§ 3. The said votes given for and against a convention,
in pursuance of this act, shall be canvassed by the inspec-
tors of the several election districts or polls of the said
election in the manner prescribed by law, and as provided
in article four, of title four, of chapter one hundred and
thirty of the said act, passed April fifth, eighteen hundred
and forty-two, and the acts amending the same, as far as
the same are applicable; and such canvases shall be com-
pleted by ascertaining the whole number of votes given in
each election district or poll for a convention, and the
whole number of votes given against such convention, in
the form aforesaid; and the result being found, the inspec-
tors shall make a statement in words, at full length, of the
number of ballots received in relation to such convention,
and shall also state in words, at full length, the whole
number of ballots having thereon the words, "Shall there
be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the
same? Yes." And also the whole number of ballots
having thereon the words, "Shall there be a Convention
to revise the Constitution and amend the same? No." Such
statements as aforesaid shall contain a caption,
stating the day on which, and the number of the district,
the town or ward, and the county at which the election
was held, and at the end thereof a certificate that such
statement is correct in all respects, which certificate shall
be subscribed by all the inspectors, and a true copy of
such statement shall be immediately filed by them in the
office of the clerk of the town or city.

§ 4. The original statements, duly certified as aforesaid,
shall be delivered by the inspectors, or one of them to be
deputed for that purpose, to the supervisor; in case there
be no supervisor, or he shall be disabled from attending
the board of canvassers, then to one of the assessors of
the town or ward, within twenty-four hours after the same
shall have been subscribed by such inspectors, to be dis-
posed of as other statements at such election are now re-
quired by law.

§ 5. So much of articles first, second, third and fourth,
of title fifth, of chapter one hundred and thirty of the act
entitled "An act respecting elections other than for militia
and town officers" and the acts amending the same, as re-
gulates the duties of County Canvassers and their proceed-
ings, and the duty of County Clerks, and the Secretary
of State, and the Board of State Canvassers, shall be
applied to the canvassing and ascertaining the will of the
people of this State in relation to the proposed convention;
and if it shall appear that a majority of the votes or
ballots given in and returned as aforesaid are against a
convention, then the said canvassers are required to cer-
tify and declare that fact by a certificate, subscribed by
them, and filed by the Secretary of State; but if it shall
appear by the said canvases that a majority of the ballots
or votes given as aforesaid, are for a convention, then they
shall, by like certificates, to be filed as aforesaid, declare
that fact; and the said Secretary shall communicate a
copy of such certificate to both branches of the Legislature,
at the opening of the next session thereof. Yours, re-
spectfully,
GIDEON J. TUCKER, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
NEW YORK, August 4, 1888.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the
Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in
such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the
above once in each week until the election, and then hand
in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be
paid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for pay-
ment. See revised Stat. vol. 1, chap. 5, title 3, article 4,
part 1st, page 140.

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Chops, Steaks, Joint, Old Ale, &c.

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sick or nervous; Rheumatism, Diarrhoea, Dysen-
tery, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Influenza, Bloody
Flux, Paralysis, Lumbago, Gout, Neuralgia,
Toothache, Small Pox, Fevers, Swollen Joints,
Kidney Complaints, Scarlet Fever, Pains around
the Liver, Pileworms, Measles, Heartburn, and pains
of all kinds. Radway's Ready Relief will, in a
few minutes, change the miseries you suffer to
joys of pleasure.

R. R. R.—Radway's Renovating Balm, for the cure of
chronic diseases—such as Scrofulous and Syph-
ilitic complaints, Consumptive and other affections
of the Lungs and Throat, Induration and En-
largements of parts, Eruptive and other diseases
of the Skin, Nodes, Tumors, Ulcers, Dyspepsia, and
all other diseases arising from an impure state of
the blood.

R. R. R.—Radway's Regulators will cure, effectively and
speedily, Constiveness, Indigestion, Painter's
Cholera, Lead Diseases, Inflammation of the
Bowels, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Diseases of
the Heart and Kidneys, Female Complaints,
Small Pox, Fevers, Measles, &c. &c. Whenever
the system is out of order, or the blood impure,
a dose of Radway's Regulators will restore it to
regularity, and purify and cleanse the blood. No
female should be without them.
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162 Fulton street, New York City.

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and secretory organs. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden
Lane, New York, and No. 214 Strand, London, and by all
druggists, at 25 cts., 62½ cts., and \$1 per pot or box.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Through a
trial of many years, and through every nation
of civilized men, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has been found
to afford more relief and to cure more cases of pulmonary
disease than any other remedy known to mankind. Cases
of apparently settled consumption have been cured by it,
and thousands of sufferers, who were deemed beyond the
reach of human aid, have been restored to their friends
and usefulness, to sound health and the enjoyment of life,
by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and
throat. Here a cold had settled on the lungs. The dry,
hacking cough, the glassy eye, and the pale, thin features
of him who was lately lusty and strong, whispered to all but
him Consumption. He tried everything; but the disease in-
creasing in its vitality, and showing its fatal symptoms more
and more over all his frame. He is taking the CHERRY
PECTORAL now; it has stopped his cough and made his
breathing easy; his sleep is sound at night; his appetite
returns, and with it his strength. The dart which pierced
his side is broken. Scarcely any neighborhood can be
found which has not some living trophy like this to shadow
forth the virtues which have won for the CHERRY PECTORAL
an imperishable renown. But its usefulness does not end
here. Nay, it accomplishes more by prevention than cure.
The countless colds and coughs which it cures are the seed
which would have ripened into a dreadful harvest of in-
curable diseases. Influenza, Croup, Bronchitis, Hoarse-
ness, Pleurisy, Whooping Cough, and all irritations of the
throat and lungs are easily cured by the CHERRY PECTORAL,
if taken in season. Every family should have it by them,
and they will find it an invaluable protection from the in-
sidious power which carries off the parent sheep from
many a flock, the darling lamb from many a home.

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the treatment of each complaint, may be found in Ayer's
American Almanac, of which we publish three millions,
and scatter them broadcast over the earth, in order that
the sick everywhere may have before them the infor-
mation it contains. Druggists and dealers in medicine
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